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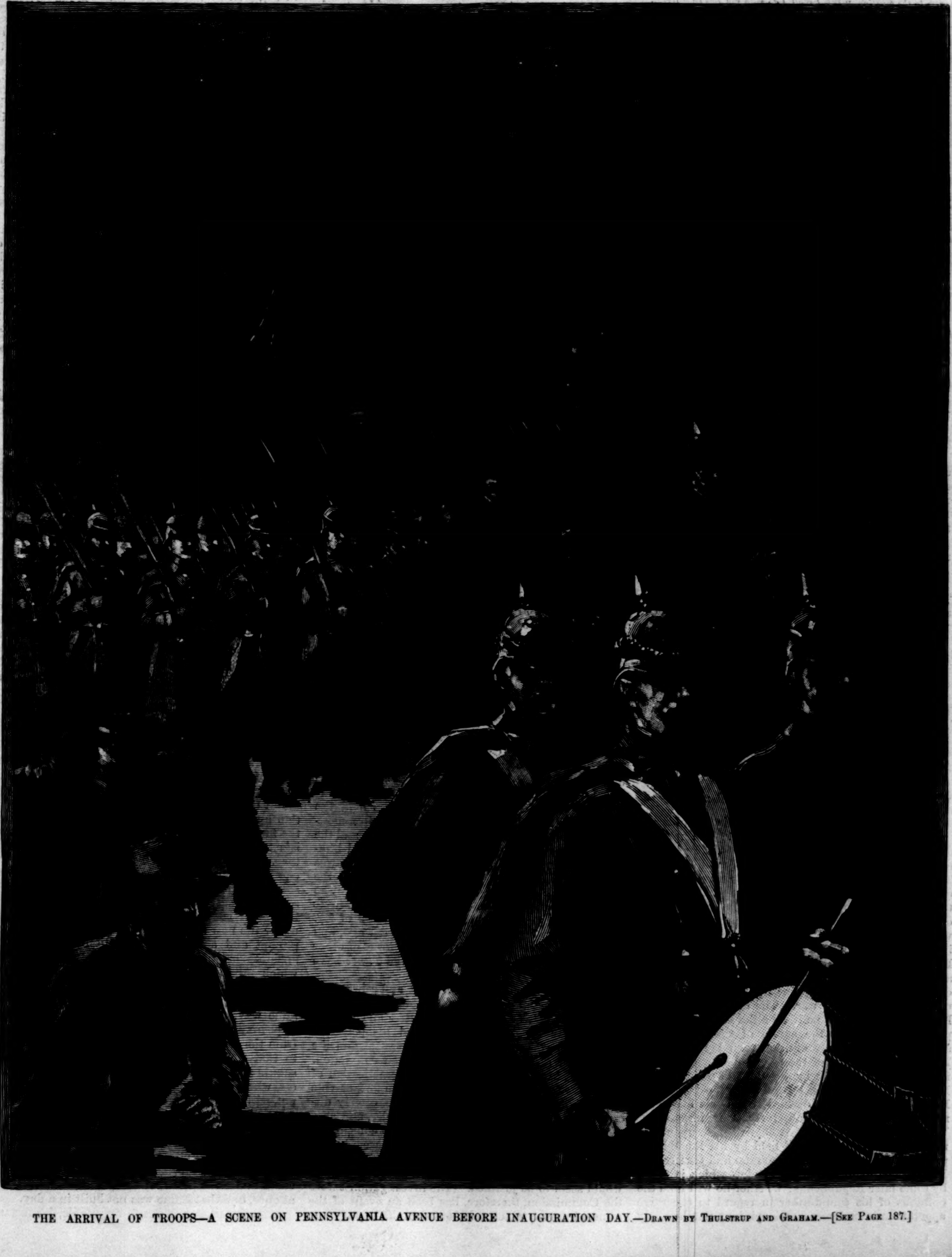

THE ARRIVAL OF TROOPS—A SCENE ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE BEFORE INAUGURATION DAY.—DRAWN BY THULSTRUP AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

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BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1889.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY *of March 23d will be begun a new story of New York life, by* WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *entitled*

"A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES,"

illustrated by W. A. ROGERS.

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

AS this paper is issued the administration of General HARRISON begins. It was fitting that on the day before he left his home his clergyman, during the church service, should have treated the event as one of solemn significance. General HARRISON undertakes one of the greatest of official duties, and his responsibility is so vast that he may well desire the friendly consideration of all his countrymen. His journey to Washington twenty-eight years after the similar journey of the first Republican President recalls that event and the dark hours in which it occurred. Mr. LINCOLN left his home in Springfield on the 11th of February, 1861, and he bade his fellow-townsmen farewell in a little speech which was full of the deepest earnestness and sadness: "A duty devolves upon me," he said, "which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of WASHINGTON," and he expressed the profoundest reliance upon the Divine aid, "without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." The duty, which was indeed greater than any man's since WASHINGTON, LINCOLN discharged with all of WASHINGTON'S rectitude, wisdom, ability, and success, and his memory is as affectionately venerated. He passed from Springfield to Indianapolis, where the Governor and Legislature received him; at Columbus he was received by the Governor and Legislature of Ohio, at Albany by the Legislature of New York, and at Harrisburg by that of Pennsylvania. All along the way from his home to Washington there was the profoundest interest, mingled of anxious doubt and gloomy forecast; and the swift and sudden journey from Harrisburg to Washington, to avert a plot against his life, merely indicates the tragical situation.

Under what different conditions his Republican successor makes his journey to-day! The radical disturbance of the country coeval with the government of the Constitution has disappeared forever. Traditions and bitterness of feeling and difficult questions indeed remain. But the essential obstacles to union are removed, and it is to administer a government to which there is no practical hostility whatever that General HARRISON appears in Washington. At the inauguration of the first Republican President the entire country was divided into two, and only two, parties, radically hostile, resolute in every fibre, and moving swiftly to prolonged and uncompromising civil war. The only question was how far the Northern political allies of the Southern party would oppose the action of the Republican administration. Party division then lay along the line of the existence of the government. To-day it is not determined even by questions of policy. The Democratic party is not agreed upon the tariff; the Republican party is divided upon civil service reform. In this situation, forecast is impossible. Whether President HARRISON will act upon the moderate view of the tariff held by his Republican predecessors ARTHUR and GARFIELD and GRANT and LINCOLN, or upon the extremer view which is taken by some later Republicans; whether he will hold the opinions of his grandfather in regard to executive appointments and removals—opinions not honestly shared by any great Whig chiefs, but which are entertained to-day by most eminent Republican leaders—can be determined only by the event. Whether the spirit of WASHINGTON or of the Ostend manifesto will preside over our foreign relations, whether the Indian question will be treated wisely and humanely or with contemptuous scorn of the Indians, whether the grasping aggression of corporate power will be stimulated or restrained, are all problems whose solution cannot be foreseen.

But one thing is plain. Despite the truculence of party spirit there was never a more significant force of public opinion in the Union not of a partisan cast than at this time. There was never so large a body of voters whose votes were thrown against a President, but who are so prepared to judge his administration with perfect good feeling and without prejudice, as that which now exists in the country. President HARRISON will find no body of his fellow-citizens fairer in their judgments, more considerate of the difficulties of his position, or more disposed to sustain every endeavor for honest administration, than those who from differing convictions upon questions of national policy opposed his election. It is quite possible, as the experience of the last few years has shown, to estimate public men and measures by a patriotic rather than a merely partisan standard, and to perceive that, while every man's sympathy will naturally attend the party which seems to him upon the whole to represent more truly the character, conscience, and intelligence of the country, yet that nothing is more childish and contemptible than to suppose that either party monopolizes the best qualities of American citizenship. The profession of a policy alone does not necessarily determine sympathy with a party. That sympathy is decided by many considerations. Mr. BRYANT, Mr. FIELD, Mr. SEDGWICK, strongly opposed the annexation of Texas, which was the professed Democratic policy in 1844, yet they supported the Democratic candidate. In 1860, however, when Democracy had become identified with the aggressions of slavery, Mr. BRYANT and Mr. FIELD supported the Republican candidate. By party great results are achieved, but by independence party is held to its true aim, and by the same independence, when mere party spirit instead of principle prevails, mere party spirit is baffled. This is a force, therefore, which no wise statesman despises. It sees President HARRISON inaugurated with no purpose of belittling or opposing his administration because it may not have voted for him, but prepared to view his course with the same friendly wish for its success in promoting good government and the progress of wise reforms with which it greeted the opening administration of Mr. CLEVELAND four years ago.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND MR. PARNELL.

THE publication by the London *Times* of the alleged letters of Mr. PARNELL showing his complicity with crime in Ireland promises to prove the most important event in the history of that great journal, and to have a profound influence upon the political situation in Great Britain. The *Times* has long occupied a position of supremacy in England unlike that of any newspaper in any other country. It has been a national institution, like Parliament or the Church. Its power has been enormous and prolonged. Professedly of no party, it has been accepted as the voice of British common-sense upon every question and in every emergency. This character has been obtained by consummate skill in estimating the actual drift of opinion and what may be called the instinctive average British view, and in selecting the writer who would give it the most forcible and characteristic expression. In this way it has held the mirror up to British nature, without regard to consistency or principle. It has reflected England, and the average Englishman unconsciously recognized himself upon its pages. This peculiar ability, which was instinctive rather than intentional, has created the primacy which it long enjoyed, and enabled it to accumulate great riches. The zenith of its powers was touched probably under the editorship of Mr. DELANE, and since his death, some years ago, and amid the increasing enterprise and resources of other papers, the prestige and authority of the *Times* have declined.

But it has still maintained a great and representative influence, and during the absorbing Irish controversy of the last few years, in its bitter and unsparing hostility to Mr. GLADSTONE and his policy, it has been the organ of British conservatism, and the dependence of the John Bull spirit and conviction. Its great blow in the contest was the publication of the PARNELL letters on the eve of an important vote in Parliament. The letters, if genuine, utterly discredited Mr. PARNELL as a political leader, and stigmatized the Irish movement as a criminal conspiracy. If they were really his letters, his cause could not readily survive the opprobrium of such leadership, and the English feeling which the *Times* represented would seem to be justified. The investigation before the Commission, therefore, has been an event of the utmost interest, which culminated as the inquiry was directed to the authenticity of the letters. The result is astounding. A cross-examination of the chief witness, PIGOTT, masterly in acuteness and exposure, had reached a point where it was obvious that its issue would be a prosecution for perjury. At this point PIGOTT ran away, having first made before Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE a confession that the letters on which the *Times* based its case were forgeries. In a word, the letters were bought by the *Times* of a "dead-beat," of a notorious swindler, without verification, almost without inquiry, and the confession of the swindler shows that they were not genuine. The catastrophe of the *Times* and of its cause is complete. The sagacity, the judgment, the common-sense, the ordinary business shrewdness, of the great journal are hopelessly compromised by the disclosure. The revelation of the foolish weakness of the support upon which British conservative prejudice has leaned will necessarily destroy the unquestioning confidence which the *Times* has commanded.

The appearance of Mr. PARNELL as the untouched victim of the basest conspiracy of defamation will produce a reaction of opinion which will extend to the whole cause which he represents. The *Times* emerges ridiculous from the ordeal which it eagerly challenged, and Mr. PARNELL with dignity and prestige from a persecution which is seen to be both reckless and dastardly. English love of fair play will ask, if this chief and most damaging charge is a contemptible forgery, what is the truth about the other Irish stories? The *Times* is shown to stop at nothing in its desire to blacken the character of its opponents: is the *Times* a wise guide in so vital a controversy? May there not be some reason, after all, in the Irish agitation? Is it impossible that PARNELL may be a patriot instead of a mere demagogue? No great journal can ever fully recover from self-inflicted blows of this kind. Now that it is known to have brought the most deadly charge without the commonest precautions of verification, it can never again expect its own word to be accepted without confirmation. This is the home-returning curse of the whole proceeding. The *Times* has hopelessly weakened its own authority.

THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

THE Conference of civil service reformers held in Baltimore on the day after WASHINGTON'S birthday was a timely and pleasant reunion, which happily illustrated the cordial feeling among the more prominent friends of reform. The conspicuous participants and leaders of the Conference were supporters of General HARRISON at the late election. Mr. BONAPARTE, the president of the Maryland association, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of the New York association, Mr. FOULKE, the late president, and Mr. SWIFT, the present president, of the Indiana association, are earnest friends of President HARRISON, and hold that the declarations of the Republican platform, and the cordial acceptance of them by President HARRISON in his letter of acceptance, are not conventional phrases, but expressions of an honest conviction and purpose. That these gentlemen speak for a strong Republican feeling there is no doubt. Yet it is impossible not to remember that General HARRISON'S grandfather entered upon the Presidency with the most friendly Whig expressions and purposes of reform, which, however, did not prevent a partisan proscription in the civil service as sharp and general as that of JACKSON. The story of the appointment of EDWARD CURTIS as Collector of New York under the first HARRISON administration is one of the most humiliating illustrations of the destruction of the manly sense of honor and decency which is wrought by the spoils system.

But the change in the public interest and conviction upon this subject within the half-century since the first HARRISON Presidency is one of the most satisfactory and encouraging facts of our political history. That the purely spoils spirit survives is obvious enough in some of the suggestions for the Collectorship of New York which have been already made, and the honesty of the Republican platform declarations will be at once put to the most decisive test under the new administration. There was no more prompt and strong condemnation of the HIGGINS appointment under the late administration than that which proceeded from civil service reformers who had supported Mr. CLEVELAND. Each similar violation of pledges and principles was censured in the same way, not indeed as conclusive proof of utter hypocrisy and falsehood, but as a flagrant departure from the true course, which made faithful adhesion to that course much more difficult. Undoubtedly, should similar occasion arise, the criticism of reformers, whether they supported President HARRISON or not, will be equally prompt and decided. The excuse which has not been admitted by Republicans in the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, will not, of course, be tolerated under that of Mr. HARRISON. Such partisan removals and appointments, for instance, as were made in Maryland and Indiana cannot be excused under the plea that everything cannot be done at once, and that Rome was not built in a day.

That familiar plea is not applicable, for instance,

in the case of the appointment of an enemy of reform to the head of an office in which the classified system exists. Upon this plain and palpable point the Baltimore Conference, under true Republican auspices, resolved that "the heads of all offices concerned in the enforcement of civil service laws should be men of experience and discretion, and in full sympathy with the reform of the civil service." This principle cannot be satisfied by the appointment to such a post of what is known as a spoils politician, under the plea that he swears to obey the law, and that his oath includes the civil service law. It certainly does include that law, but the probabilities of the honest regard of a spoils politician for the law are illustrated in the postmastership of AQUILA JONES in President HARRISON's own city of Indianapolis. If the President thinks that that appointment was in conformity with the principles of reform, we may expect similar appointments, but not otherwise. The appointment of HIGGINS, under any Republican name, will be the same kind of blow to the administration of President HARRISON that it was to the administration of President CLEVELAND. "We will not fail to keep our pledges," said the Convention that nominated President HARRISON, and it proceeded to state one of them by saying that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments." We believe that to be a strong and sincere sentiment among Republicans, and that it may be trusted more safely by the Republican Executive than the declaration of Mr. MARCY, "To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." In the firm and fair tone of the Conference, speaking for a great and intelligent body of citizens, President HARRISON will recognize a friendly and not a captious spirit.

THE CEILING SWINDLE.

THE New York Legislature which met on the 1st of January was expected to pass promptly measures of high license and ballot reform, which were the two questions upon which the confidence of the State was asked in the campaign. At the end of two months its chief business seems to have been an inquiry into a disgraceful job in which the State has been swindled, and the activity of some members of the majority has been directed mainly to baffling the inquiry. The State has been swindled apparently of some hundred thousand dollars. It cannot be difficult to ascertain who has profited by the swindle. The Republican majority must bear the responsibility both of the fraud and of the effort to shield it, and the Republican party will be made to pay the penalty at the polls.

The honest way is the best and most politic way. Mr. CROSBY and his friends, who insist that this job shall be fully exposed, and that those who have received money illicitly shall be revealed, are the true friends of their party; while Mr. AINSWORTH and the Committee on Appropriations, who apparently endeavor to evade a clear and definite statement of the facts, are its enemies. Such an "issue" as the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber is one that the average voter easily comprehends. He has his own views upon it, and he votes accordingly. It was Mr. OGLE's pictures of the gold spoons and the elegant luxury of the VAN BUREN White House which caught the imagination and decided the vote of the plain people still smarting with the panic of 1837. The Capitol at Albany is a monument of reckless extravagance to the same voters, and a definite, comprehensible, and bald fraud like that of the Assembly ceiling is one which will deeply impress them.

This wretched affair at Albany illustrates the venal tendency, and also the disposition to wink at the venal tendency, which alarm and alienate the honest supporters of any party. Men like Mr. CROSBY, to whom their party name is an honest pride and possession, seek instinctively to purge it of such blots. Their success, however, is apt to be like that of reformers in the Roman Church. Gradually they withdraw, or they acquiesce with a sigh, and murmuring that we must take things as they are. Yet if Republicans are familiar with their party history they know that it is men who were too manly to doubt that better things are always possible who organized the party. It will be interesting to see whether the original Republican impulse in men like Mr. CROSBY will prevail in this contest to expose the scandalous swindle of the Assembly Chamber ceiling, or whether the venal traders upon the party name will be able to conceal themselves and disgrace their party.

GENERAL ROSSER'S OPINION.

THE late foolish and intemperate sectional speech of General ROSSER, vituperating the Union soldiers, instead of arousing angry denunciation, has been treated with general contempt. There was a time when it would have been echoed through all the Republican party press as proof of the universal hostile feeling of the Southern States. But as the assassination of Mr. CLAYTON was nowhere more strongly denounced than by the Governor, the Legislature, and the press of Arkansas, the ebullition of General ROSSER was at once repudiated and condemned by other Confederate officers. Senators HAMPTON and BUTLER, who were present when General ROSSER spoke, lost a signal opportunity of rendering good service to the whole country by not disclaiming sympathy with such remarks upon the spot.

General ROSSER's speech was one of those incidents which, under the circumstances, are essentially unimportant, but which are capable of being made very mischievous, and the first mischief is any evident indifference to such talk upon the part of those for whom such an orator is assumed to speak. Major JOSEPH H. STEWART, who in behalf of many Confederate and Union soldiers is engaged in soliciting aid for the home for disabled Confederate soldiers at Austin, Texas, spoke very plainly in condemnation of the ROSSER speech at a meeting of the New York committee in aid of his purpose, saying that he went into the war thinking that he could whip more than one Yankee, but found out his mistake.

That was the frankly expressed opinion of other Southern officers who were present, and the fact to remember is that their opinions are representative of the views of brave and intelligent Confederates, while those of General ROSSER, if soberly uttered, are the mere extravagance of hopeless Bourbonism.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, widely known as one of the pleasantest of English novelists, and more recently for her energy, intelligence, and zeal in promoting Egyptian exploration, contemplates a visit to the United States for the purpose of repeating lectures upon Egypt and other topics which have been received with great admiration and applause at the universities and in the cities of England and Scotland. An invitation to Miss EDWARDS welcoming her to this country has been signed by the most remarkable array of American names ever appended to any invitation to a foreigner, headed by that of Vice-President MORTON, and including those distinguished in every learned profession, in letters, science, journalism, and business.

At the centenary of Columbia College in 1887, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon Miss EDWARDS, it was hoped that she might be present. But she was obliged to defer her visit. Her familiarity with ancient and modern Egypt is very great, and her skill in giving to her knowledge a popular and fascinating form, together with her singular gifts as a lecturer, either with or without pictorial illustrations, are warmly commended by the English press. Her friend and correspondent in this country, the honorary secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, is the Rev. W. C. WINSLOW, of Boston, who will make arrangements for Miss EDWARDS's lectures as may be desired.

"THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE."

MRS. JOHN ADAMS and Mrs. MADISON are gracious historical figures in the White House, but its social traditions have received their chief grace from the lady who for the last two years has been its mistress, and who now retires. A more trying or difficult position, under all the circumstances, could not have been filled more happily. The utmost simplicity and sincerity, a fine tact and exquisite discretion, have been blended with a personal charm and native dignity which have already become part of the best private associations of the "Executive Mansion." The uniformity and universality of the impression are the witness of its genuineness, and not even the spirit which was weary of the justice of Aristides has been stirred to cavil by the beautiful feminine wisdom which has recently cheered and refined the palace of the people. As the wife of the President, Mrs. CLEVELAND is in some sort a public personage, and as she withdraws from the "fierce light" which has revealed only what is admirable, she is attended by the heart-felt blessing and good wishes of the American people.

THE BALLOT LAW IN LOUISVILLE.

THE principles and practicability of the proposed ballot law were recently tested with entire success at an election in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. FLEXNER, of that city, has described its operation in a little pamphlet which is well worthy the attention of the friends of the law. The chief local newspaper was not very friendly, but to the general surprise the law did not prove to be difficult or complicated, and it was administered with practically uniform ease and success, and no instance was known to the writer in which a vote was thrown out because of the failure of the voter to understand what was required of him.

There is a large corruptible vote in Louisville, and open corruption is familiar. The evil, although known and deplored, has hitherto defied redress. Yet at the late election there was, except in one place, no corruption successful, and but little was attempted. The bribery seems to have been prevented by the impossibility of knowing how the voter might actually vote. But Mr. IVINS's view that the man who takes a bribe is *prima facie* a scoundrel, and that no one will bribe him unless he can tell how he has voted, is not accepted by Mr. THOMSON in his address to the Massachusetts Reform Club, because of his belief in a certain honor among thieves. This, however, seems to be a rather slender reliance, and the experience at the Louisville election shows that the bribery was escaped, and presumptively because of the secrecy.

The exception to the successful working of the scheme in Louisville was at a poll where the election officers were dishonest, the clerk left his place to manipulate the hired voters, and the police did not enforce secrecy. Dishonest election officers of course will frustrate any system of voting. But in this instance the important fact is that the failure of the reformed system was due wholly to causes which would have produced failure with any other method—that is, to the dishonesty of those who were sworn to enforce it—and was not due at all to any difficulty in comprehending the reformed method or any impossibility in enforcing it. Politicians who are "on the make" always assert that any reform which will render fraud more difficult is complex, impracticable, and goody-goody. But there is nothing so simple and practicable as honesty—a fact which the Australian system of voting illustrates wherever it is tried.

A GREAT AND TIMELY OPPORTUNITY.

NOTHING has more advanced the fame both of American scholarship and of American solicitude in aims and interests which are not wholly industrial or material than the foundation and support of the American school of classical studies at Athens, with the work accomplished by the Archæological Institute of America, under whose auspices the school was founded. The school now occupies a building of its own, erected at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, upon a site generously given by the Greek government, and during the six years of its existence it has been directed upon the spot by eminent American scholars, who have had special leave from the universities in which they occupy chairs.

A great opportunity is now presented to the school and to the country. The Greek government have offered the privilege of making excavations at Delphi, the seat of the temple and the oracle, and one of the most famous historical sites in the world. It is an offer which other countries, fully alive to the glory to be secured by identifying the national name with such a work, are anxious to secure. Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, an American scholar of great distinction, recently curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum, in Cambridge, England, and for this year director of the American school at Athens, is pre-eminently qualified for the direction and prosecution of the work.

To buy up the village of Castri, upon the site of Delphi, to make the excavations, and permanently to endow the school, retaining Dr. WALDSTEIN as director, will require a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this sum about forty-five thousand dollars is already subscribed, but no money will be called for until the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars is subscribed. A committee, of which Mr. HENRY G. MARQUAND, president of the Art Museum, and a most generous subscriber to the fund, is chairman, has the matter in charge. It would be a noble vindication of the lofty and liberal sympathies of America if this peculiar renown could be secured for this country. With one mighty hand still founding and extending the home of the youngest of great nations, and with the other cherishing the noblest monuments of the most famous of ancient states and civilizations, what more satisfactory attitude could America hold in her centennial year?

PERSONAL.

AMONG Boston's well-known military men are the twins Colonel ALFRED N. and Captain ALBERT E. PROCTOR. They were born November 30, 1824, at Marlborough, and inherited their tastes for military glory from their parents, both of whom were the children of soldiers. ALFRED fought in the Mexican war, and both of the brothers distinguished themselves in the rebellion struggle. They are now successful business men, and are also members of the Fusileer Veterans, the National Lancers, the Old Guard of Massachusetts, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. JOSEPH PROCTOR, the tragedian, who married a sister of WILLIAM WARREN, is their oldest living brother.

—The remains of an Indian found recently at East River, a little village on the Sound, twenty miles east of New Haven, Connecticut, are supposed to be those of the famous sachem whose death in battle at this point over two hundred years ago gave the name to the shore retreat—Sachem's Head. The skeleton was found at the spot where tradition says the chief was buried, after having his head exposed in a tree for several days, and is that of a man fully seven feet tall.

—The recent occurrence of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's seventieth birthday was made the occasion for many congratulatory messages from his friends in this country and England, GLADSTONE and TENNYSON being among those who remembered him.

—Ex-Secretary HUGH MCCULLOCH is eighty years old, but still considers himself a young man. He is vigorous and hearty, goes out in the coldest weather without putting on extra wraps, and boasts that he has never worn an overcoat.

—Colonel W. H. H. TAYLOR, of St. Paul, Minnesota, the State Librarian, is President HARRISON's uncle. He is seventy-five years old, and knows his work so well that he carries the whole library catalogue in his head.

—ARTHUR CRONK, a Gloucester fisherman, recently found in the stomach of a codfish which he caught on the Grand Banks a Victoria Jubilee medal. The small Maltese cross with a photograph of Queen VICTORIA in the centre, and even the ribbon attached, were but slightly harmed.

—Two Ohio women have the grim satisfaction of reflecting that but for the opposition of their parents they might have been the wives of Presidents of the United States. Thirty years ago they lived at Bedford, a village of less than five hundred inhabitants, about twelve miles from Cleveland, and both were very attractive. To each of them at different times RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and JAMES A. GARFIELD paid serious attentions, but the young men were poor and their prospects anything but bright, so the parents of the girls firmly and effectually checked the love-making.

—For a quarter of a century Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, of Boston, has received his friends at his home on WASHINGTON's birthday, and although over eighty years old, he still observes the custom, a large number of distinguished people calling to pay their respects on the last anniversary.

—A newspaper paragraph has been going the rounds to the effect that General LEW WALLACE claims to have received no less than sixty different requests for permission to dramatize *Ben-Hur*, and that to all he has replied with a negative, accompanied by the statement that he had himself prepared a stage version of his novel. The ingenious author of this piece of news further adorns it by saying that New York managers, after reading General WALLACE's drama, pronounced it incapable of production, on the ground that he had not known how to make a real play of it. To all of which General WALLACE begs to interpose by way of demurrer these facts: He has not said that sixty different requests to dramatize *Ben-Hur* have been sent him. He has not announced that he was preparing or had prepared a stage version of his novel. Up to the present time he has been opposed to the use of his book for any dramatic purpose whatever.

—The King of Siam is about to send his four sons, the oldest of whom is thirteen, to England to obtain an education.

—Aunt KEZIAH RANDALL, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, one hundred and five years old, lives alone in a thick wood about three miles out of the village, and a mile from neighbors. She gets her own meals, and busies herself with knitting and other household duties, while in the summer she cultivates a little piece of ground. Her house is the old homestead, and she lives there from preference. Twice a week a man brings her provisions from the village, and a boy comes daily to do her chores. Mrs. RANDALL has been a widow for fifty-eight years, but her three children, who live in Fall River, New Bedford, and Virginia, provide her with the necessaries of life.

IN MAORI LAND.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 191.]

1. A Salutation. 2. On the Waikato River. 3. Maori Chief. 4. Maori Temple. 5. Children and Carving.

ULYSSES BEFORE CALYPSO.

A MUSE KNEELING AT A BURIAL URN.

TERRA-COTTA GROUPS FROM THE LEVANT.

It was only a few years ago that the figurines of baked clay found in Greece near Tanagra gave a glimpse of the domestic life of the old Greeks, especially of those in Bœotia and Attica. These pretty trifles, which must have been cheap enough when fabricated, commanded high prices in Europe. Though the curators of museums were first disposed to cry fraud, and in some cases refused to buy them when they were to be had for comparatively little, their scepticism disappeared, and London, Paris, and Berlin have many cases full of those charming little works of art.

For works of art they are, though probably few are independent creations. They were made in moulds which were carefully excavated for one side of the statuette, but generally without the arms and heads. The main front of the figure being cast in the mould, the back was clapped on almost flat and quite unmodelled, a hole being left in the centre for drying. With the fingers or a stick the lines of junction between modelled front and rough back were smoothed out, heads and arms very carefully modelled were stuck on, and the statuette was ready for baking. As they come to us they are almost in the

A MARKET SCENE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED OLD GREEK STATUETTES.—From Photographs.

condition they were when withdrawn from the fire, for time has undone much of the subsequent work their makers expended on them. This consisted in applying a thin coat of white material like sizing, which dried quickly. On this ground the auburn hair of a woman, her blue eyes and pinkish flesh, the darker tunic of a man, his flat hat, and so forth, were deftly painted, so that the figurine which now looks scaly as with leprosy, or else but faintly tinged with blue, pink, brown, and orange, shone then as resplendent if not as gaudy as any of the china figures sold at European fairs to-day.

Such figurines from Tanagra were found in the graves in great numbers, sometimes packed away in jars; in a very large number of instances broken as if with intention. That such was the case is more than probable. Two reasons appear to have existed for this treatment of articles buried with the dead—a treatment by no means confined to Greece or the Levant. One was superstitious, the other practical. On the one hand, a spirit divorced from the body could make use of a broken weapon, tool, or ornament as well as a whole one, very much as the Chinese ghost can spend burnt paper money, and there was reason to fear that evil demons would rob them of these objects if entire. We still have something left of the kind of ideas to which such superstitions belong when as children we are told to break an egg-shell lest "the fairies run off with it." On the other hand, the practical reason was the temptation that whole things and solid jewelry exercised on those godless men, the robbers of tombs. Hence the extremely thin and brittle nature of gold jewelry found in tombs; hence the fact that statuettes and the jewelry too are commonly broken.

Of late years figurines of much greater artistic value have been coming to Paris by mysterious channels, and have roused the same controversies as did the Tanagra statuettes; caused the same hesitation on the part of those responsible for purchases for the Louvre, the British Museum, and other galleries. Very sharp attacks have been made on them in London. Whether true or false, they are so remarkable that a few are herewith presented as a very inadequate representation of the various collections already in the hands of private collectors and dealers, since these contain many others quite as good.

The first thing notable about these figures is the fact that they appear in elaborate groups, yet have all the technical imperfections of the Tanagra figurines. The backs are absolutely rude, not calculated to be seen at all. Yet they have all the charm of the Tanagra figure. Observe the market scene, a bit from the common life of Greeks. With what ease the young market-man sits, his shade hat perched high above the back of his head! With what sweet dignity the lady pauses by a basket of fruit, holding her little girl by the hand! The ages of the three women are very subtly told by the modelling of the bosom, from the old market-woman seated in the centre, to the lady, and then to the young market-girl on the right with her undeveloped figure. The group was chosen to represent the realistic side of these statuettes, which show merely the study of life unaffected by religious or mythological ideas.

The kneeling Muse, with hand on an urn and a garland, may represent another element in these groups—the monumental. Small as it is, we have here a figure which would be excellent if executed in marble or in black basalt or in bronze for a monument. Though appropriate enough as a type of memory, as a genius decorating the burial urn with a garland of immortelles, the chances are that no such idea of grief presided over the origin of this dignified, gracious figure. Rather is it likely that the tall two-handled urn is for wine, and the garland is in the nature of the fillet that victors were entitled to wear on their heads. This figure is much more a Muse awarding the prize for excellence in dance or song, or in horse-racing, or in gymnastic exercise, than any person suggestive of death. Not that the statuettes always avoid that suggestion. Among the groups owned by Messrs. ROLLIN & FEUARDENT, of Paris, there is one most exquisite scene of Æsculapius and Hygeia, the patron of physicians and the genius of health, leaning over a girl who is sinking down in death. The most lovely pathos rules the three figures of which the group is composed; in sentiment if not in sobriety of design it can stand beside the famous bass-relief on an antique tombstone of Athens, where the mother, standing, leans over the bowed head of her seated son, a young warrior devoted to death.

As an example of the groups which refer more or less plainly to subjects of mythology, legend, and Greek history, the third statuette has been chosen. The scene is Calypso's cavern on her ocean island. Ulysses, in the Neapolitan cap which comes from the Greek mariners of old, rests one hand on the prow of a vessel, and with the right makes a gesture which may be variously interpreted. It is certainly respectful; it may have a sense of appeal. If the moment is his arrival on the island, we may imagine that he is commending himself to the goddess by a recital of his misfortunes; this view is strengthened by the little Cupid who flies from Calypso to the man of many wiles, betokening that the affection between them has begun.

The pose of Calypso is one of great restfulness, of great dignity. Her right hand is raised in a fine conversational gesture, which corresponds to the respectful inclination of the head of Ulysses. The chair on which she rests has a foot-rest, like that on which sits a woman with a winged Cupid in her lap and a distaff in her right hand, a Tanagra figurine in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, but the foot-rest is much lower. The pose of Calypso is very like that of the full-size marble statue of one of the empresses of Rome, a treasure of the Louvre. Surely within the limits of the art of the statuary, when dealing with such material as this, fabricated for humble purposes, no such beauty and variety are known as we find in groups of this kind. The gravity, the simplicity, and the polish of the epics called of Homer are here in vigorous, easy growth. Is it possible that such figurines, single and combined, can be deliberate forgeries by modern men?

There is no doubt that all the attempts made during the last two years to trace the *provenance* of these groups has failed. And it looks very much as if some of the gentlemen who have been baffled in their search have lost their tempers and attacked the statuettes in the London and Paris press with more vigor than wisdom. Of course it is possible for the clever forgers of the Levant to follow the old methods, fabricate moulds, imitate the Tanagra figurines, and put them together in groups. They can partially paint them, and bury them after fracturing them. They can scratch and deface them so as to give an appearance of great age. But could they in the first instance compose such groups, lend them such dignity, such beauty, such sportive humor, as we find rioting through not a few? If they can, the old faculty for art is still extant in the Levant, but in a much more surprising degree. For whereas the old modeller of statuettes followed a great number of precedents in his work, repeated a great number of conventional figures and groups, just as the Japanese potters and bronze workers repeat with no fear of criticism forms and colors admired by their ancestors and sometimes laid down in books, the modern forger, on the contrary, has to evolve pretty much everything out of his own head. Consider a good-sized collection of these groups merely for subject, for grouping, and composition, and it will be evident that if they are forged some great genius must be at work unknown to the world of art, whose rightful place is at the head of modern sculptors. That a man or men capable of such little easy masterpieces as these could be kept in obscurity while his statuettes are sold by middle-men is much harder to believe than that somewhere a great treasure of mortuary relics has been struck and the spot most anxiously concealed.

Supposing them genuine, the workmanship points to an age subsequent to Alexander the Great, perhaps close up to the Christian era. Geographically it points to Ionia, in Asia Minor, either on the main-land not many hundred miles from Ephesus or on one of the great islands over against Greece. This is more especially the land of Homer, and though not the place where the highest and purest of Greek art seems to have existed, it is the locality whence bass-reliefs of the greatest beauty and variety have come. In the draperies, and in a certain sportive, luxurious, pleasure-loving quality, these bear no little resemblance to the workmanship of the groups, due allowance being made for the difference between sculptor and craftsman. We may safely suppose that in these groups we have two kinds of ornaments common to a highly cultivated, wealthy, and pleasure-loving nation of Asiatic Greeks, one for the home, the other for the tomb. Like the mantel ornaments fabricated in most porcelain and faience factories of Europe during the last few centuries, these groups were meant to be placed on shelves and in niches, to decorate sitting-rooms or little private chapels to the gods, or to go at once into the tombs. It was the custom to place about a corpse or the urn containing ashes the ornaments of the room in which a person died. This explains the great number and variety of statuettes sometimes found in one tomb. It is as if all the dolls of a child were placed in its grave—most of the bric-à-brac of a collector grouped about him in his last resting-place. Not only humorous and satirical figures and groups, but some which are hardly fit for description, have been forwarded to Paris. Many are not sufficiently clear in their meaning to warrant even a guess as to what they represent.

When we reflect on the great number of temples with which the coast of Asia Minor was dotted, each having a special cultus for special gods or variants on the few great gods of Greece—when we remember the vast quantity of art works in such a temple as that of Ephesus, and the swarm of artisans who made objects of art in gold, silver, precious minerals, and clay for the pilgrims to that city—we can easily believe that the inexhaustible soil of Turkey in Asia has really yielded these interesting finds. There is nothing unlikely in that, but rather what is to be expected. As for the concealment of the place whence they come, it would be singular if the locality were given; for nothing is more certain than this, should the director of the museum at Constantinople learn whence such things came, the spot would be seized at once, and if any excavations were thereafter made, everything would go to the Turks. Whatever may be thought of the morality of buying statuettes which are possibly withheld from the authorities of the country where they are found, this side of the matter does not concern us. The question for us to decide is whether or not they add something to the stock of art in the world. No one who examines the collections of Mr. SPITZER, or Mr. LECUYER, or Messrs. ROLLIN & FEUARDENT, can doubt that they do.

It may be thought that we know a great deal about the customs, the legends, the mythology, of the Greeks, because much is taught us at school and college. Yet it is only now becoming apparent how little we do know, how little the Greeks themselves knew on the subject. Study of barbarian religions throws much light on subjects still greatly misunderstood, and will throw more. The views that the people took, as presented by such groups as are now coming from the Levant, is very precious, for it corrects, alters, or corroborates what we have learned from Greek literature. The literary and the mythological elements in such artistic documents from the heart of the people are of great value. But for the fine arts themselves these trivial toys are of still greater use. Evidently some of them are copies more or less freely treated from large works of art which have disappeared forever. The kneeling Muse, for instance, may well represent the statuette made after a famous figure by some greatest of sculptors whose very name is lost. The scene between Ulysses and Calypso may be all we have of some painting on a wall which crumbled to pieces two thousand years ago. Several groups repeat the myth of the young Bacchus riding on a panther, of the the old Silenus supported on an ass, each accompanied by nymphs or satyrs—scenes reproduced in the processions on festal days by young men and maidens. Others are scenes of dance, while a player on the double pipe modulates the notes consecrated by old usage. Here is an exquisite composition, deep with thought, genial in composition, charming by contrasts: Winged Love, as a boy of twelve or fourteen, leans down to wind his arm round the body of a satyr overcome by wine, and raise him from his bestial condition. The fresh young face, beautiful as the Greek ideal, but richer in feature, looks with pity into the gross countenance of the lower creation; his fair young body stands out yet more fair beside the shaggy goat legs of the man-beast. Here is a group of persons like a family; there a band of youths and maidens break into a slow dance. The impression these fractured rude figurines denuded of colors produce is profound; they give that human side which seems lacking to Greek art when we recall that art by the great statues of marble only, with their sublime but cold beauty and stately grace. CHARLES DE KAY.

BUILDING THE NEW ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE."

SINCE the launching in 1875 of the wooden frigate *Trenton*, which was the last vessel built at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, no government work has been regarded with so much interest by everybody in that yard as the building of the new armored cruiser *Maine*. This is not to be wondered at, for when the *Maine* is completed she will be the largest and handsomest vessel ever built for the United States navy. The work of constructing the new vessel is under the direct supervision of Naval Constructor JOHN B. HOOVER, U.S.N., an officer of large experience in ship-building, who was especially selected for the work by Secretary WHITNEY. Very little has been done on the vessel since her keel was laid in October, except the erection of about a score of the eighty-four frames of her hull, but Constructor HOOVER confidently expects that an increase in his working force will shortly be made, which will enable him to prosecute the work on the *Maine* with expedition and vigor. The number of men required for effective and rapid work on such a vessel ranges from 700 to 800 men—a force which is far in excess of the number (less than 200) at present employed on the vessel. Failure to obtain the necessary material has in almost every instance necessitated an extension of the time agreed upon for the completion of the new vessels, and now the opening of bids for the machinery of the *Maine*, as well as for the vessels of the sea-coast defence, has been postponed to March 15th, to allow bidders time to mature their estimates. Secretary WHITNEY's successor will thus have several large contracts to award very shortly after he assumes control.

The first step in the complicated process of building a modern war vessel is to erect suitable buildings to hold tools and material. Several such buildings have been put up in the Brooklyn Navy-yard to accommodate the thousands of metal blocks and plates of which the *Maine* is to be composed. Among these one known as the "plate-rack" measures 190 feet by 31 feet, and is used to store the plates for the hull, numbered and arranged to correspond with the places they will occupy in the ship. Another strong building is a substantial machine-shop, in which an engine of 250 horse-power has been placed, for which a battery of three boilers furnishes the steam. When these and other preliminary arrangements have been completed, the work of building the hull goes on as follows:

The design for the vessel, which in this case is the work of Chief Constructor T. D. WILSON, U.S.N., having been received at the navy-yard from the Bureau of Construction at Washington, the next step is to prepare from the plans a wooden model showing the outside of the hull, on which the shapes of the plates and angle-irons (frames) are marked off with as much accuracy as possible. At the same time the lines of the ship are drawn at full size on the floor of a large loft just outside the construction office, where the model is kept; and from these lines wooden moulds are prepared showing the actual shape of the angle-irons and plates used in the construction of the ship. The work of fitting these patterns is a very tedious one, and must be done with great accuracy, as upon its correctness depends the symmetrical shaping of the ship. In this mould loft are kept patterns of vessels which were built as far back as the year 1825. The draughtsmen meanwhile prepare a careful schedule of material necessary to execute the work, which is sent to the steel mills of CARNEGIE, PHIPPS, & Co., at Pittsburgh, with which firm the Navy Department has previously made the necessary contracts. The pattern-makers also prepare from the lines on the mould-loft floor the wooden patterns from which the stem and stern-post are cast.

When the material begins to reach the yard the angle-irons used for the frames are heated in a long furnace and then bent to shape on cast-iron slabs, the required shape being indicated by a chalk line drawn off the outer edge of the wooden moulds above mentioned. A row of iron pegs is placed in holes along this line, and the frame forced around by means of levers until it is brought into contact with every one of the pegs, when it is considered to be of the proper shape. At the same time the plates forming the keel are heated in a furnace and bent to their proper shape. In the ship-house, meantime, a long row of blocks is laid and carefully aligned to receive the keel. The keel plates having been punched for the rivets, and having had their butt straps fitted, are taken over to the ship-house and placed in position on the keel blocks. The operation of laying the first plate is usually attended with a certain amount of ceremony, and is called "laying the keel."

After what may be called the backbone of the structure has been laid, the next important proceeding is to erect the curved framework of steel ribs, perpendicular to the keel, which forms the skeleton outline of the hull. The angle-irons for these frames or ribs, having been punched for rivets, are attached to the floor plates by means of bolts, and the whole is carefully fitted to the shape called for by the wooden mould. After being fitted, the frames are taken to the ship-house and riveted together. The different plates composing the keel having been also riveted, the frames are raised into position, and held there by means of supports. Their positions are then carefully regulated, so that they may exactly correspond with the relative positions shown on the plans. The frames regulated, the next thing is to run the plating of the inner and outer bottoms. It must be remembered that a modern man-of-war has two bottoms, or skins, entirely independent of each other, so that though an accident should happen to one of them, it would leave the other uninjured. In spite of this precaution, however, a modern torpedo, if properly exploded, has sufficient force to tear through both the platings and fill a compartment of the ship with water.

As the work progresses, the stem and stern-post are erected, and the framing of the ship, which at the extremities usually differs slightly from that of the midship portion, is completed. The work is now carried on under many different heads. The bulkheads which divide the ship into numerous water-tight compartments are built; the longitudinal passages are walled in; the subdivisions forming shell-rooms, magazines, store-rooms, and in general the internal arrangements called for by the original design, are now completed.

In the case of an armored ship like the *Maine*, one of the most critical operations in the whole process of construction is the ordering of the armor plates. The reason of this is that these plates, eleven inches thick, take many months to manufacture, and owing to their great size and weight, any alterations required in them would be attended with immense cost. Indeed it may be noted here that the *Maine* has already experienced misfortune in process of building. The steel stem of the ship was cast in Pittsburgh, and upon examination by the government steel inspectors it was found to have sprung or warped out of shape fully three inches, and was therefore rejected, involving a loss to the contractors of over five thousand dollars. A new contract for this casting was then entered into with the Standard Steel Casting Company, of Thurlow, Pennsylvania. It is almost ready for shipment to New York, and is said by those who have seen it to be perfect in every respect. So far so good; the government goes scot-free. But it is now reported from the Brooklyn Navy-yard that fourteen of the frames of the ship have been rendered practically useless by improper riveting, and that therefore the work on the ship will necessarily be delayed for months. As this work is done at a government navy-yard, the loss will fall entirely upon the government, the amount of which cannot be estimated.

The armor plates of the *Maine* will be made by the Bethlehem Iron Company, of Pennsylvania. The armor, however, is not put in place until the ship is launched, as it is not desirable to have any unnecessary weight on board at that time. But about the time that these plates arrive in the yard the ship is supposed to be sufficiently advanced to be ready for launching—the most important event in the life of a ship, when she may fairly be said to make her bow to the world. The interest of the event, however, springs not only from the fact that it marks a decisive stage in the vessel's growth, but also from the important circumstance that the vessel is then subjected to such severe strains when passing from land to water that any miscalculation may lead to disaster.

An armored ship, however, is only about half-way toward completion when launched. Not only has the armor to be put in place and secured to the wooden backing by heavy bolts, but all of the thousand and one special fittings for officers, crew, and stores have to be carried out; the guns, with their elaborate mechanisms for loading and pointing, by hydraulic or steam power, have to be taken on board and fitted in place; the masts and rigging have to be put up; and finally the delicate and difficult work of putting the machinery on board and adjusting it with mathematical precision has to be performed. From the very first the engineers have been at work on the engines and boilers for the ship. The Navy Department, following the example of the English Admiralty, now intrusts the contracts for all engine construction to private firms. The contracts for the machinery of the *Maine* have not yet been awarded, but when they are, the successful bidders will be required to have everything ready for placing the machinery on board about the time the vessel is launched. As soon, therefore, as the vessel is in the water the engineers begin to place the machinery on board, and all this work, together with that connected with the mounting of the guns, fitting store-rooms, magazines, shell-rooms, etc., goes on at the same time, so that at this stage of her evolution a modern iron-clad resembles nothing so closely as the traditional Tower of Babel. In spite of all this apparent confusion, however, every part is so designed as to fit in exactly with what goes next to it, so that, as the work approaches completion, each part is

perfectly adjusted to the function it is called upon to perform. The building of a modern iron-clad may be described in Spencerian language as the gradual evolution, under the spell of the designer's genius, of the most perfect order and efficiency out of the most chaotic agglomeration of heterogeneous materials.

Progress on the *Maine* has been greatly retarded owing to the difficulty of securing proper steel materials. The industry of building large modern iron-clads wholly of domestic materials is still in its infancy in this country, and even the use of the materials, when properly furnished, is not always skilful, and great losses are thereby occasioned. The *Maine* has been designed to be a twin-screw armored turret vessel, with a steel ram, of the belted cruiser type, her vitals being protected from shot and shell by a belt of steel armor eleven inches thick at the water-line and 180 feet long. A protective deck covers the whole ship, curving forward into a ram, and dipping aft to protect the steering gear. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: length between perpendiculars, 310 feet; extreme breadth, 57 feet; mean draught, 21½ feet; displacement, 6648 tons. The engines of the *Maine* will be of the vertical triple expansion class, for which great pressure is now required. There will be eight boilers, each with three furnaces. The vessel will be propelled by two three-bladed screws with a diameter of about 15 feet. The total coal capacity is 882 tons; her speed will be 17 knots, and at 10 knots an hour the coal endurance will be 7000 miles. The armament consists of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, pair-mounted in echeloned turrets; of six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; and of a powerful secondary battery, and seven torpedo-launching tubes or guns, three below the water and four on the berth deck. The 10-inch guns fire a projectile of 500 pounds weight with 250 pounds of powder, and they have a maximum effective range of about nine miles. The weight of shot that can be fired ahead or astern from the main battery is 2200 pounds, and from either side, 2300 pounds.

The *Maine* will be bark-rigged, spreading 7135 square feet of canvas. She will be fitted as a flag-ship, and will carry a complement of 300 officers and men.

MINNEWAUKAU, THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF DAKOTA.

In the north of Dakota, about seventy miles from the Canadian line, there is a large salt-water lake, which has been said to be the geographical centre of the North American continent. The Indians call it Minnewaukau, a beautiful Indian water word (like Minnesota, Minnehaha, Minnetonka, and the rest), which literally means spirit water, or Lake of the Great Spirit Waukau; but the more free and homely translation of the West has rendered it the Devil's Lake, and the Devil's Lake it will remain no doubt to the end of time.

It is a singular lake in a strange land, entirely unknown to the majority of travellers who annually pass within a hundred miles of it on their way to the National Park and the Pacific coast. It is fifty-five miles long and from three to ten miles wide, being nearly the same in length, therefore, but not so wide, as the Great Salt Lake of Utah, the dimensions of the latter being seventy by forty miles. Both lakes were at one time much larger, and their shores bear evidence that their waters are receding and that they are gradually drying up. The formation of the Spirit Lake is very irregular, its coast line being a succession of wooded points and alternating deep bays, with sandy beaches like those of the ocean, and out in the open water, when the blizzard blows from the prairie, there is often a high sea which puts an end to navigation. The country round about is sternly simple, but picturesque and interesting. In the summer-time the prairies are gayly painted with wild flowers, and in that Northern latitude the trees early take the bright hues of autumn, but throughout the long winter the snow is continually on the ground, and the lake is frozen hard enough to bear vehicles. On the southern shore there is a small military reservation and garrison (Fort Totten), surrounded by the larger Indian reservation of the Cut-head Sioux, which comprises 200,000 acres of high rolling prairie, extending to the south as far as the northern bank of the Cheyenne River. The lands to the north of the lake have been recently thrown open to settlement, and are said to be well adapted to the raising of the smaller cereals. In every direction there are many little fresh-water lakes and ponds, which gleam and flash like jewels in their prairie setting, and reflecting the image of the sky naturally like those which suggested to the savage mind the beautiful word Minnesota, which, as you know, means the land of sky-tinted waters. Upon the reservation there are many natural phenomena more or less identified with tales of Indian romance, but all, like the lake, are afflicted with the wretched nomenclature of the early fur trappers and Indian traders—the Devil's Heart, for example, a conical mountain; the Devil's Tooth, a large rock brought by some glacial action and strangely thrown on the plain; the Devil's Backbone, a narrow curving ridge or "divide"; and the Devil's Punch-Bowl, a dark wooded dell partly surrounded by the Backbone. One is inclined to wish that the savage Indians or Waukau himself had made away with the worthies who substituted such names for the euphonious and poetical words of the Sioux.

Fort Totten is a small four-company garrison, rectilinear in form, with the parade in the centre. There are two companies of infantry and one of cavalry; but no real necessity exists for either, as the Indians have long been peaceable, and many of them are engaged in farming. The fort has a fine situation upon a slight elevation at the entrance to a small bay, which, sheltered by a high point called Sally's Hill, is a deep and safe harbor. Between the post and the lake are the post trader's and Indian trader's stores and the Indian agency buildings, and a short distance to the left is the Catholic mission school, in charge of seven gray nuns from Montreal. The post trader's store is a picturesque old building erected many years ago by one of the great fur companies.

The life at a military garrison in the far West, whatever it may be to the resident, is delightful to a visitor, whose coming is an event of some importance. Before one is fairly unpacked, all the officers have called, and invitations to ride, to hunt and fish, and to dine, follow in quick succession. DE TOCQUEVILLE I believe it was who said if we had an aristocracy in America it was the aristocracy of the legal profession, but at a frontier garrison there is a charming little aristocracy well up on "the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass," and in striking contrast to its rude surroundings, composed of military men of education, most of them from the Academy, who ride and shoot and entertain handsomely in cozy homes which remind one of "the States," as they say out West.

There is no large game in the immediate vicinity of the garrison, as the country is too open to afford shelter for elk and deer, and the buffalo and antelope have disappeared, as they have everywhere, before the tide of immigration which is rapidly setting in. A few years ago the land of the Spirit Lake was a sportsman's paradise, but all that now remains are the buffalo trails and wallows, which are rapidly becoming indistinct scars upon the prairie overgrown with wild grasses, and their bones, which have been gathered up and lie in heaps about the railway stations. The sharp-tail grouse—a gray frosty-looking bird of fine flavor, which is the prairie-chicken of the Northern plains—is everywhere abundant, but, like their Southern cousins, they become wild in October, and no longer lie to the dogs, so that it is almost useless to pursue them. In the autumn myriads of wild swan, geese, brant, and ducks of all sorts, including the canvas-back, mallard, redhead, teal, dusky duck, buffel-head, and I believe every inland duck that flies, visit the Spirit Lake and the smaller lakes and ponds on their southern migration, and many remain upon their return in the spring and rear their young by the more secluded ponds on the reservation.

The Indians, about 1200 in number, are scattered about, and dwell in log houses which the government has assisted them in building, or in their original tepees. It is not an uncommon sight to see an Indian family who own a house living in their tepee but a few feet away, and a group of tepees pitched near the cabin of an Indian farmer who has sold his little wheat crop indicates that his more indolent friends and relatives have come to share with him the proceeds of his labors. The Indians are in charge of an Indian agent, Major CRAMSEY, who, with his official family (consisting of a clerk, physician, and agricultural instructor, or "boss farmer"), lives at the agency in neat frame dwellings. The agent has been in the far West as trapper, fur trader, or attached to the army in one capacity or another nineteen years, including four or five years at the agency. Under his care and direction the Indians are rapidly becoming self-supporting. Many are engaged in raising wheat, and their ploughing is better than that of some of their white brethren. A few still wander about the reservation hunting and fishing and gathering the eggs of the wild-fowl, and all know the value of a dollar at the Indian trader's store. The agent takes great interest in his work, and after his office hours may be seen driving about visiting the Indians, the boys' and girls' schools, and the government saw-mill, which is about five miles east of the agency. The boys and girls in the schools are taught to read, write, and speak the English language, and their teachers are quite encouraged by their progress. Education is compulsory, and the agent with his Indian police is continually supplying new pupils. From an artistic point of view the Indians at the Devil's Lake Agency are comparatively uninteresting. Some years ago I was the guest of General MILES at Fort Keogh, on the Yellowstone, shortly after the surrender of the Sioux and Cheyennes who destroyed the command of General CUSTER on the Big Horn. They were encamped in a large camp of skin lodges, and in all their savage finery were picturesque in the extreme, and I had looked forward to snapping my camera at such objects as these, but most of the Indians about the Spirit Lake wear the costume of civilization. The Indian agent in his last report, which he read to me, makes some good suggestions as to the care of the children upon their leaving school. He argues that it is wrong that children who have been taught the language and to be neat and cleanly, and who have become accustomed to sit on chairs and sleep in beds, should, upon the completion of their education, be sent back to the tepees of their parents to sleep upon the ground and run wild upon the reservation. It is indeed questionable whether the knowledge of our language is of any benefit to the young girls who are thus annually turned loose upon the prairie at the borders of a rude civilization. The agent suggests that the government extend further aid to the graduates, encourage them to marry, and provide suitable homes for them and ample aid for a few years upon the farms. Here and there upon the reservation we came upon an Indian grave—a rude scaffold supported by four poles, upon which rests the corpse of a Sioux. It would be difficult to imagine a more wild and desolate picture than one of these graves standing alone upon the plain. Many of the graves have been destroyed by prairie fires, and most of the Sioux, under the influence of the mission priests, now bury their dead. The wild beasts, the grave-robbers of the plains, having been driven away, there is no longer any necessity for placing the bodies beyond their reach.

In wandering about the plains on the borders of civilization the eye often rests upon a solitary Indian looking out over the wide landscape in silent meditation, thinking perhaps of the past, of the brighter days of a few years ago when the buffalo and antelope covered the prairie, and the deer and elk were in the thickets by the streams, when from his lodge door he watched in peace and quiet his "young barbarians" playing in the wild rose garden, or taught them to hunt the gray grouse in the tufted fields of wild sage. The transition must have been startling in its suddenness. The coming of the trappers and fur-traders was quickly followed by the occupation of the country by the military, when, as if by magic, the buffalo entirely disappeared. Then came the cattle-men with their great herds and wild cowboys, who have in turn but an evanescent existence, being soon crowded by the farmers, whose cabins are everywhere scattered at intervals, and whose fields of grain stretch out into the prairie like headlands in the sea. Within a decade the Indian has seen these rapid changes, and has found himself an "out-door prisoner" of the government, confined to the limits of his reservation, and surrounded by a rapidly increasing population loud in its demands that the treaty which he made with the great father at Washington shall be broken, and that he be unceremoniously moved on to lands less fertile and desirable. The solitary Indians standing about on the prairie have indeed much to think about.

There are two young towns on the Spirit Lake, one at the west end and the other at the head of Creel's Bay, on the north shore. The former has taken the Indian name Minnewaukau, and the latter, having assumed the translation, is called Devil's Lake City. The translation is rather ahead of the original in population and enterprise. Minnewaukau is the present terminus of the Jamestown Northern Railway, and Devil's Lake City is on a branch of the St. Paul and Manitoba, which has its present terminus at the second crossing of the Souris or Mouse River. Minnewaukau is a busy little town, with a broad main street lined with frame stores. It has several grain elevators, a few churches, a large white hotel, which can be seen for miles, and which is much too large for the place, the usual number of saloons, and a fringe of scattered "schacks," or shanties, for the suburbs.

The pickerel, which are the only fish in the Spirit Lake, are abundant, and the soldiers take them in great numbers from the steam-boat dock, and in the winter-time the Indians fish for them through holes in the ice. They are a firm fish of fine flavor, and grow very large, often weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds. The officers at the garrison have erected a bathing-house on a sandy beach near the dock, and in the summer-time bathe in this inland ocean. The sand is like that of the sea, and often there is quite a surf, and Minnewaukau will, no doubt, before long rival Minnetonka as a summer resort. The first house built in Devil's Lake is less than three years old. In that time the town has made remarkable progress. There are several large grain elevators, many good stores, three fairly good hotels, and as many churches. The saloons have a gambling-room attached, and the play is quite public, but there is comparatively little of the vice and lawlessness usually incident to towns on the frontier. They had been holding an election a few days before our arrival, and no one, I believe, was killed. I overheard a man, however, say to another on the street, in speaking of one of the candidates, that he thought himself smart because with his revolver he had shot a clock off of a shelf in one of the saloons during his canvass of the county. The land-office at Devil's Lake City controls nine million acres of land, most of which is said to be adapted to the raising of wheat, and the Devil's Lake farmers claim that their crops are more reliable than those of the famous valley of the Red River of the North, to the east of them. The country is so new, however, that the statistics on this point would hardly be of much value. The admission of Dakota to the Union was much talked of at Devil's Lake, and there seemed to be but one opinion on the subject, although some favored a division of the Territory into two States. The climate is like that of Minnesota. The thermometer in winter remains below zero for weeks at a time.

DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON.

BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.

PRESIDENT HARRISON reached Washington on the afternoon of February 26th, after an eventful railway journey. His progress resembled that of Mr. CLEVELAND on the Western trip of 1887. There were the crowds at the stations, the cheers for the new President, for his wife, and for his grandchild. There were the efforts of ambitious local orators to make the ride the pleasanter for their eloquence. There were a few speeches by Mr. HARRISON, and any amount of hand-shaking. It was the kind of progress which every President makes in these days when he sets out on a state journey.

Naturally there was a crowd at the station in Washington when the train arrived, but the people who had gathered to see and cheer the new President were doomed to disappointment. When the train rolled into the historic building where GARFIELD was shot, the HARRISON party was not on it. The train had stopped three blocks away, at Ninth Street, and the President and his family had escaped. They had been met by Colonel BRITTON, chairman of the Inauguration Committee, and General WILLIAMS and Mr. McCAMERON, of the Reception Committee, who had arranged for the stopping of the train. The drive to the Arlington was therefore quietly made over a route that had not been marked out in advance. Only a few people who happened to catch sight of General HARRISON's face through the window realized who were the occupants of the carriages. About five hundred people were waiting for him at the hotel, and they were the first who had the opportunity to cheer the coming guest. As the President-elect alighted from his carriage he acknowledged the hearty reception by raising his soft slouched hat, while "Baby McKEE" was intrusted to the tender mercies of Chairman BRITTON. The first courtesy had passed between the HARRISONS and the people of the capital in which they are to be the principal personages for four years.

The HARRISONS occupied the rooms which Mr. CLEVELAND had in 1885. The Arlington Hotel building is a congeries of private houses, some of them famous. The central part of the hotel is made up of three large brown-stone houses now thrown into one. The largest of these was the residence of LEWIS CASS when he was Secretary of State. Next to the central part on the south is the brick house which was the home of CHARLES SUMNER, and next on the north is the large double house that belonged to REVERDY JOHNSON. It is here that the incoming Presidents are lodged. General and Mrs. HARRISON occupied the first floor of the JOHNSON Annex, and the rest of the party had the upper floor.

An anxiously friendly crowd of people had sent flowers as their *avant-couriers*, and the air of the HARRISON apartments was heavy with the blooms of nervously generous well-wishers. An hour or so of respite was granted to the travellers before the bounteous bestowers of the floral tributes began to send in their cards. These were taken to Captain DINSMORE, who for many years had charge of the front door of the White House. Callers, however, with the exception of a few politicians, were turned back. Even General SCHOFIELD was told that he must come later. It is asserted that cabinet-making began at once, but the only evidence of that is that General HARRISON sent, soon after his arrival, for State Senator FASSETT, who was supposed to represent Mr. PLATT. Just before dinner Messrs. HOAR, CULLOM, and COCKRELL, the three members of the Senate Inaugural Committee, called on General HARRISON. It was simply a visit of politeness.

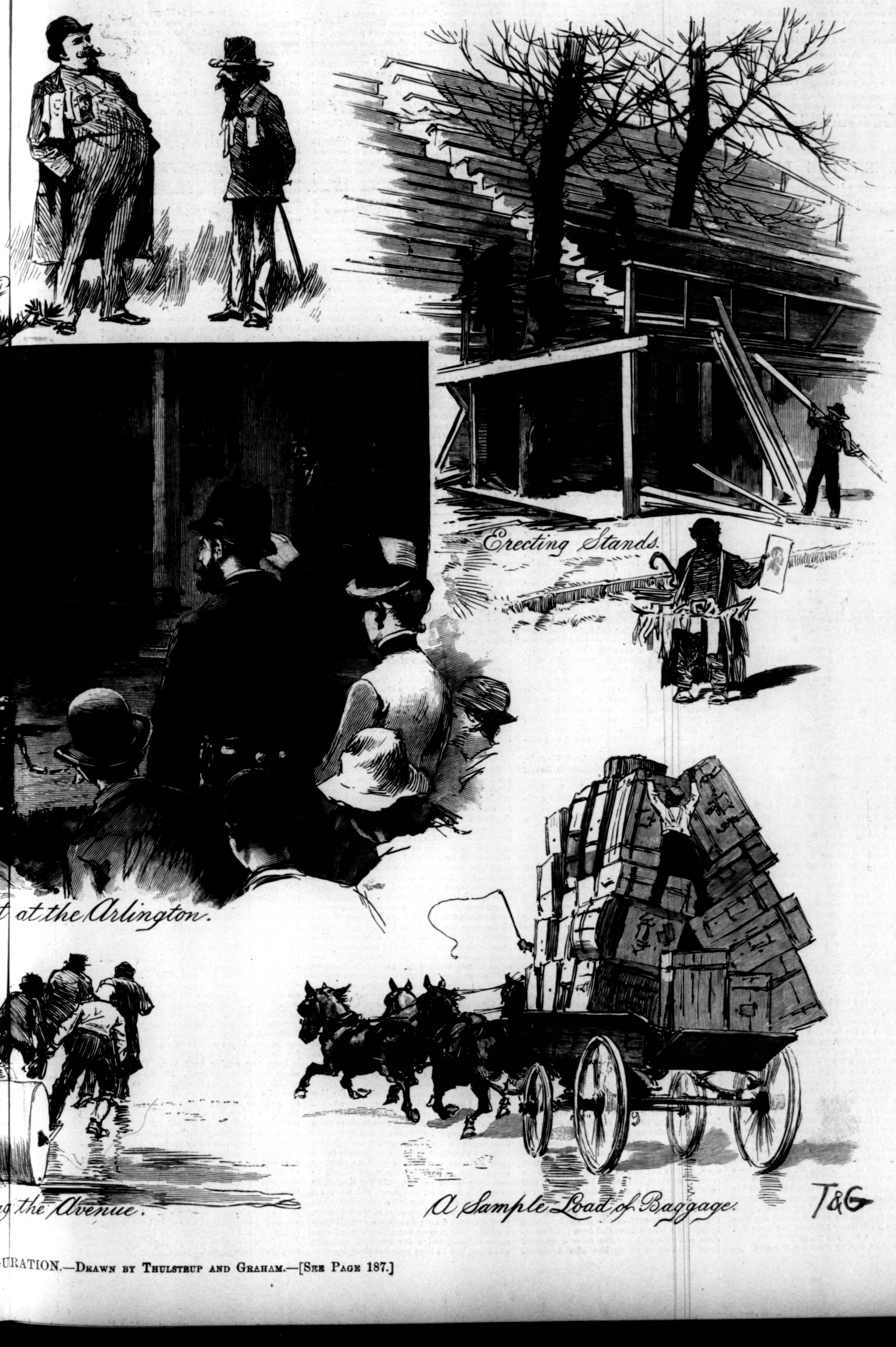
Dinner was served at seven, and afterward callers were freely admitted, and it may be indicative of the future character of the White House that cards were not required of members of Congress, and that no one was turned back. Only one crank made his appearance during the day. He was drunk, and simply desired to make a speech in the office of the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. CLEVELAND did not call on the HARRISONS on the day of their arrival—a fact which has been variously noted by the daily press—first, because it is not the custom for the President to make the first call on the President-elect, who is a private citizen until he is inaugurated; and second, because it was arranged by correspondence that the formal interchange of visits should take place on another day. The custom requires that the incoming President shall make the first call, and that the retiring President and his wife shall return it on the same day.

The streets of Washington began to show signs of the coming event more than a week before the inauguration. Huge and unsightly structures of unpainted pine were built on every government reservation. Thrifty shopkeepers erected platforms in front of their places of business, and placards announced that seats might be had for the procession for from $3 to $4 each. Some of the proprietors of the large stands paid as much as $1000 for their privilege. Flaring and hideous decorations appeared on the fronts of buildings, most of them bar-rooms, but some of them of more respectability than their bedecked condition indicated. All the colors in and out of the rainbow, in the cheapest of cheap material, glared into the faces of the passers-by. In the store windows were announcements that rooms above, excellent vantage-points from which to view the procession, were to rent. These rooms, when they were taken, brought from $75 to $200 rent for the day. It was a gala-day for the capital. Boarding-houses quadrupled their rates. Even the dealers in food charged double their customary prices. The streets for days before the show were filled with strangers: cow-boys from the plains, or imitation cow-boys, wandered up and down Pennsylvania Avenue; detachments of Chicago Convention delegates, with explanatory badges on their bosoms and a far-away post-office look in their eyes, marched up and down the streets, visited the public offices, or rode around in hacks. Toward the close of the week the troops began to arrive, and day and night the roll of the drum or the blare of the band announced the coming in of some new regiment. The blue-coated Northern militia, the gorgeous colored troops from the South, visited at least that much of the capital which is to be found on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The air was full of preparation. A new administration was coming in. The local merchants were reaping their quadrennial harvest. Mr. CLEVELAND was saying good-by. A few friends of his gracious wife were shedding tears over her departure. But most eyes were fastened on the Arlington, where the coming man was finishing his cabinet. The politicians had left the White House for a moment, and were swarming in the halls and corridors of the hotel. There was much of hopeful anticipation in the crowd that waited for the news, but there was already anger and disappointment. Some of those who had expected most had learned that they were not to be gratified. Mr. HARRISON had already begun to experience the hard lines in which the President's career is cast. Some of the men who watched his arrival in Washington and sent their cards to his room, although they had worked hard and enthusiastically for his election, realized that they had had their labor for the pains, and felt that GROVER CLEVELAND's re-election would have been quite as much to their advantage.

SKETCHES IN WASHINGTON BEFORE THE INAUGUR



-URATION.—Drawn by Thulstrup and Graham.—[See Page 187.]

AN UNKNOWN.

There was no name upon the shattered stone,
But whoso through the tangled vines shall grope
May learn, though great or humble the unknown,
"He lived in fancy and he died in hope."

That's all the record we may ever know,
The only tribute to the honest worth
Of that bright spirit who's more bright, I trow,
In paradise than when he walked the earth.

The head-stone's crumbling slowly day by day
Above the dreamer on the windy slope,
But still enough remains intact to say,
"He lived in fancy and he died in hope."

R. K. Munkittrick.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing."

XXVII.

Once more the guidons are fluttering along the familiar roadways under the shadows of the Bull Run range. Once more the echoed trumpet calls float musically on the breeze, and long columns of horsemen in jaunty blue jackets, yellow-trimmed, come trotting down from the gaps and join the lines below. Southward push the long, dusty ranks of infantry—brigade after brigade trudging cheerily along, with the guns of the batteries "clinking" behind them. Lee is beaten back from Pennsylvania and is returning to his old line below the Rapidan; and from many a Virginia homestead whence issued stalwart soldierly forms to join the gray columns on their northward march, and at whose doors and windows stood enthusiastic women waving God-speed and loving farewell and wildly hopeful encouragement, there is heard now only the wail of mourners for whom there seems no earthly comfort. Pickett's grand assault, Stuart's headlong charge, have left no impress on the Union cause, but have desolated half the homesteads in their native State.

And Warrenton is saddest hamlet of them all. Not a household here that wears not the badge of mourning. Husbands, lovers, sons, and brothers, who so buoyantly set forth in the march of invasion, are missing by hundreds when the thinned and sad-faced columns reappear; and though she too wears such mourning garb as the situation affords, Lucy Armistead, lovingly welcomed and tenderly cared for in the family of good old Dr. Loring, is the only woman in this sore-stricken community to whom Gettysburg has not brought new and grievous disaster.

Once more she is in Warrenton—not the social pet she was before the cruel war days, for in most exaggerated form the story of her deeds at Hopewell has gone from mouth to mouth, and there are many among her former intimates and "school-girl" friends who coldly avoid her now. To this she appears to give no heed. Ever since her dear old father's death she has seemed crushed and hopeless. Loring took her to his home, with faithful Hannah to serve her, and then finding it impossible to subsist in the western valley, and urged by many friends to come and cast his lot with theirs in the lovely old town among the wooded hills, he moved into Warrenton, and now is living there, doing what he can to alleviate the want and suffering, the pitiful sorrows of the bereaved ones all around him. From the window of her lonely chamber, where she sits most of the livelong autumn day, Lucy Armistead looks out over the peaceful church-yard where, side by side, are resting the father and mother whom she loved so well; and neither Loring's efforts, the tender pleadings of his kind-hearted wife, nor Hannah's spirited sallies seem potent to rouse her from the apathy into which she is fallen. The neighbors run in every now and then to see Mrs. Loring or to beg for some advice from the doctor, but they do not ask for Lucy. She does not walk abroad: for that matter, no one among the women cares to, except the few who are so unterrified as to rejoice in the possibility of being spoken to by the hated Yankees, or so ill-favored as to repel the most determined and ruthless of the invaders. The streets are given up to the swarming soldiery, and communication from house to house is mainly through the back yards. Some few among Lucy's old friends have called and expressed a desire to help her in her trouble, but they are *very* few, and the reception she accords them is not encouraging. She has heard the grievous exaggerations that have been current as to her father's life at the old homestead, and she can be roused from her apathy only by mention of this subject. Then she is one blaze of indignation, and will hear no explanation, no extenuation. That her honored father could have lived in this community nearly seventy years only to be branded in his declining days as a traitor, a spy, a consorter with the enemy, an open and defiant harborer of men who sought the lives of his oldest friends, a double-faced villain, giving information to both sides, and living in comfort on their pay and bounty, while his neighbors were starving—such were the statements told and believed in Warrenton in those days, when the coolest heads and most logical minds were apt to be warped in their judgments by the endless tales at the expense of any man or woman who dared show less than hatred at sight of the Union blue. That her father should have been so cruelly slandered is something Lucy Armistead can forgive in none of her townsfolk, and so stands aloof from all.

And yet, poor girl, even while she hardens her heart against them, she is oppressed with sore anxiety, and is most in need of comfort. The story that is going the rounds among the Warrentonians is that Henry Armistead—the one real, loyal Virginian of the family—the gallant Confederate soldier and gentleman—the only one now left in the beloved gray uniform since his heroic kinsman fell dead among Cushing's guns, foremost in Pickett's memorable charge—that this brave, true Harry whom they all loved and honored, is now being tried for his life by a military commission of blood-thirsty Yanks, and will doubtless be hanged as a spy. The trial was ordered in Washington, and his case is wellnigh hopeless. Such has been Colonel Van Duzen's sense of what was due the nation under the circumstances, that, leaving to Lieutenant-Colonel Westerlo the command of the regiment and the rescue from Stuart's raiders of his constituents along the Susquehanna, the late district commander has turned up in Washington with his side of the story—and all other witnesses and persons interested being battling at the front, or defenceless under guard, the colonel has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having the field to himself. The campaign over; the opposing lines once more facing each other down along the Rapidan, a military court has indeed been organized to try poor Armistead, who stands charged with entering the Union lines in disguise, with fraudulent papers and felonious intent—in plain words, with being a spy.

Reluctantly enough has Dr. Loring confessed these details to her in answer to repeated inquiry. He dreaded the effect, believing that the news would only augment her wretchedness and plunge her deeper in this deplorably apathetic condition; but doctors are sometimes as much surprised in their patients as in the result of their prescriptions. If he had told her of some great victory, and Harry's release from durance, he could hardly have roused her to more instant and energetic action. For the first time since the Union troops reoccupied the town, she appears on the little veranda, and, to Loring's amaze, walks straight down through the shrubbery to the front gate, faithful Hannah following, and there in the twilight stands eagerly gazing up and down the quaint old village street. Soldiers are sauntering along across the way; a train of army wagons is slowly trundling by; several officers, some in cavalry, some in infantry dress, are lounging near the corner, and these she studies closely a moment, "shading her eyes with a slender white hand," just as she stood that battle eve at Hopewell. Loring anxiously follows, and takes his place at her side.

"What do you mean to do, Lucy child?" he asks her, noting the flush that has mantled her white cheek and the feverish excitement in her eyes.

"Doctor!" she exclaims, turning impulsively, almost imploringly, toward him, "do not hinder—do not blame me! *Here* I have no friends but you and your loving ones; and you cannot help me now. There, in that uniform, I can find one whose friendship is tried, one who can and will aid me. He is here somewhere, for I heard his voice but yesterday."

Even as she is speaking, and before the doctor can reply, Hannah comes scurrying along the walk, followed by a sauntering young cavalryman, who looks back at the group of curious and watchful comrades as though he half expects to be made the victim of some practical joke and the butt of their ridicule. But at sight of Lucy Armistead's face he promptly throws away the cigar at which he was vigorously puffing, hastily buttons his natty shell-jacket, and raises the forage-cap with its embroidered sabres.

"You—wished to see me?" he asks, with mingled hesitancy and incredulity.

"I wish very much to see Colonel Westerlo, and ventured to ask your assistance in finding him. Is he not here?"

"He was here, but I think he left for Washington this morning. He is summoned as a witness at an important trial."

"Oh, do not tell me he is gone! I must see him. It is—it is my brother whose life is at stake."

"Captain Armistead!" exclaims the lieutenant. "Is this—pardon me—*Miss* Armistead? The young lady who lived at Hopewell Gap?"

"This is Miss Armistead," answers Dr. Loring, for she has turned away, overcome with emotion.

"And wants to see Colonel Westerlo at once," is the cavalryman's response. "I'll fetch him if I have to follow him to Washington, and you shall know in ten minutes whether or not he has gone." Away goes the young cavalier down the village street, brushing through the inquisitive throng at the corner with impetuosity they can no more resist than account for. In less than ten minutes he is seen returning, and with him comes striding along in glistening top-boots and gleaming spurs and spotless gauntlets a stout, sturdy, ruddy-faced, gray-mustached old trooper, with the silver leaves of a lieutenant-colonel on his shoulders—a man at sight of whom the loungers respectfully straighten up and touch their caps—at sight of whom Lucy Armistead, who has retired with the doctor to the veranda of the little house, comes fluttering down to the gate once more, and in another moment is clinging to his arm—clinging to an arm encased in the hateful Union blue, and sobbing as though her heart would break. Loring thanks God for the sight of her tears.

Later that day they are seated in the simply furnished parlor listening to Westerlo, who has been back to his camp, and now reappears with a number of letters and papers. She is crouching on a low stool, looking up in his face in breathless attention as he begins. It is true, he tells them, that he had arrived in Warrenton but the morning previous, and received his orders to go to Washington as a witness for the defence in Henry's case; but a later telegram notified him that he would not be examined until the end of the week. The mail of the previous evening brought him letters forwarded from the Shenandoah, and this very morning came a telegram from Washington telling him Miss Armistead was living with Dr. Loring's family, and to be sure and find her.

"From Henry?" she inquires, eagerly.

"No, my child," answers Westerlo, gravely. "From your quondam patient and prisoner, Colonel Kearny. He is in Washington conducting your brother's defence, with the best legal talent of the North to back him." And as the old soldier turns again to his letter, he fails to see the flood of rich color that instantly sweeps over the uplifted face and weighs it quickly down. He never hears or even imagines the fervency of the whispered prayer, "God in heaven bless him!" He reads on, never looking up from the page to note the effect of his words.

"'Armistead is in excellent health, thanks to the attentions lavished on him with the consent of the authorities during his illness, and continued without interference during his convalescence, and until he was brought to this point for his trial. He is so serene and calm that I feel convinced that every soldier on the court is warmly disposed toward him; the only trouble lies with two or three vehement patriots of the Van Duzen type, who are death on rebels anywhere except at the front. We still believe that with your evidence and mine, and that of one or two men whom he encountered, it will be possible to disprove all charges of being a spy despite the disguise, but it is taking hard work. If that scoundrel Tierney had not been hanged, something might have been wrung from him to exculpate Armistead. Was it not odd that one of the Falconers should have been present at the hanging? *Is* it not odd—'" But here the colonel abruptly stops. The next few words are, "that the other Falconer contentedly remains a prisoner, and his Virginia friends as contentedly permit it? Have they no use for him? Armistead does not like him—yet seems aware of the situation of affairs regarding which you once spoke to me." These words old Westerlo skips entirely, and comes down to the following paragraph:

"'Of course he was deeply affected by the news of his father's death and the wanton destruction of the old homestead. Anxiety as to Miss Armistead's future also seemed to weigh heavily upon him until he got the news that she was under Dr. Loring's roof; but all this occurred before my arrival. When you see her it might be well to assure her that nothing will be left undone to save her brother, but there is every reason why she should accept the earnest invitation of Mrs. Alexander to come to her here. Mrs. Alexander is her mother's younger sister, and has been devoted to Henry since he reached Washington.'

"You will go with me, my child?" asks Westerlo. "You have read her letter?"

"It was for that I begged you to come to me. I would have gone to Washington—to Henry—if I had had to ride there alone."

And that night, at Warrenton Junction, Dr. Loring sees her safely ensconced in a queer old wreck of a passenger car, tacked to the end of a long train of empty brown boxes going back to Washington for supplies. It is full of soldiers, guards, invalids, furloughed officers and men; but songs and laughter cease when the slender girlish form in the garb of deepest mourning is ushered in by bluff old Colonel Westerlo. Pipes and cigars are tossed aside. There is only low-toned talk as the train jolts slowly and painfully away over a road-bed patched out of all resemblance to its original self, destroyed and rebuilt time after time in place after place, and yet a blessed thoroughfare to Lucy Armistead, since it leads to Henry's side.

XXVIII.

Another month has rolled away. Wintry skies are lowering over the tented slopes of Arlington. Deep with mud are all the roads converging on the causeway that leads from the "sacred soil" to the Long Bridge. Gloom and depression seem prevalent everywhere throughout the capital, and increasing testiness becomes observable at the War Department. Nothing of consequence is going on at the front, yet officers who stand in need of brief leaves of absence find them hard to get, and others who had been summoned to Washington to testify before, or serve upon, the court which tried Henry Armistead were sent to the right about the instant their duties were completed. A hard-fought case was that. Kearny had early taken the precaution to secure from the President himself authority to remain until its termination, and so, despite Van Duzen's efforts, he could not be sent away. But the judge-advocate developed unexpected traits as prosecutor, and had called a score of witnesses who, before the case for the government was allowed to rest, had succeeded, despite themselves, in convincing most hearers that there was little hope for the accused. Poor Lucy, who at first had occupied a seat close to his, was made so wretched by the apparent complaisance with which Henry's counsel permitted this accumulation of evidence that her brother begged her not to return to the court-room until the defence began. "Wait until Westerlo and Kearny are summoned," he had said. "Then they will hear and see the other side."

Womanlike, however, she chafed at the idea of waiting until the adversary was utterly talked out before opening fire in return. But Mrs. Alexander gently added her arguments to those of her brother; old Westerlo, who daily escorted them to and from the court-room, gravely pleaded with her to remain at home or to drive in the open air each day for the week to come, by which time, he promised her, there should be something worth hearing. As for Kearny, he never left the court an instant, and, when not engaged in consultation with the prisoner and his counsel, or in taking notes of the testimony, he was around among Van Duzen's people questioning. Only to greet her with his grave and courteous welcome, and a few words of sympathy and cheer, had he been near her since her coming, and—it was not quite what she had hoped or expected.

"I am ordered to return to Warrenton by first train," said old Westerlo, coming suddenly in upon them the day after her reluctant acceptance of the new arrangement. "They will summon me by telegraph when I am needed. You ask me *why* this order. Ah, how can I say? Fear not, little one. All goes well. That Kearny—he is a wonderful fellow! He is more than a match for them; he will overturn them—overwhelm them. The lawyer, he is very well; but Colonel Kearny is the *soldier*. He knows what will best tell with soldier judges, and every time he writes a question they say the judge-advocate scowls and refuses to put it, and then the court is cleared for discussion; and when it is reopened and they go in again, the question *is* put, and our lawyer smiles. Fear not, my child. All will come right. Ah, you little thought a year ago that you had nursed back the life that was to save your brother's!"

At last the case for the defence began, and once more she took her place by Henry's side, and stout old Westerlo—the picture of the "square" and solid soldier—gave his testimony, and stood unshaken by the cross-fire of the judge-advocate. It was a matter of some hours' work, and Lucy's tearful eyes and flushing cheeks bore witness to the emotion with which she listened. Time and again that morning she found it impossible to resist the longing to steal her hand into Henry's as he sat there, so calm and serene. More than once she found her eyes glancing furtively at Kearny, seated as usual close by the lawyer's side. How pale, how worn he looked! How red and deep seemed the scar of that sabre stroke upon his cheek! Then *he* was called to the witness stand, and all through the evidence that he gave she was conscious that the eyes of the judge-advocate—a sandy-haired, sharp-featured, New England lawyer—were wandering from her face to that of the witness and back again. Then he began writing his questions, and presently they were read, one at a time. They related to Kearny's sojourn at the Armistead place; to his reception there; to his wounds, illness, suffering; then to the fact that she had been mainly instrumental in nursing him back to health. She saw that Kearny's pale features were becoming flushed, and that his eyes were beginning to glow under their heavy brows. It was apparent to him, then, that the purpose in asking these questions was to convince the court that a sense of gratitude impelled him to testify in behalf of the prisoner. She saw that so long as the judge-advocate looked toward the witness, Kearny's eyes never flinched from their stern, set gaze into his adversary's face—for as adversaries the events of the trial had caused them to regard each other; but when, presently, the military exponent of the law glanced down to look over his memoranda, Kearny quickly turned: one instant he gazed at her, their eyes meeting fully as he did so, and then he looked, rather than gave, a signal to the counsel for the defence. At the next question asked by the judge-advocate there was prompt objection; brief, animated discussion, a protest on part of the defence that the question was irrelevant and trenching upon new matter; a vehement rejoinder, and, in the midst of the war of words, the brief, stern order from the lips of the presiding officer, "The court will be cleared!" A moment afterward, as she stood in the corridor without, gazing up in Henry's face and clinging to his arm, she was conscious that Kearny was at her side.

"May I speak with you one moment, Miss Armistead?" he asked.

It was the first interview he had asked since her coming, the only time he had sought to see or speak with her alone; but she never hesitated. She well knew the tone and tremor of his voice; she well knew that it was some urgent and imperative need. Smilingly Henry looked down as she turned away, and beckoned to Mrs. Alexander to come to him in her stead. Together they stood and watched the pair as they walked slowly toward a window at the end of the broad hallway, Kearny bending over and speaking earnestly to the slender girl, whose face at first seemed looking up into his; then, all on a sudden, drooped from the search in his shining eyes.

"How I wish it could be!" said Mrs. Alexander, as she read the thought revealed in Armistead's frank face.

"And why shouldn't it?" he asks, in some surprise at the doubt in her tone. "What man on earth is better worth her?"

"I do not know. It isn't—him. Any one—any woman, at least, can see how he loves the very ground she moves on. There is something wrong; he has hardly come near her. I believe he *has* told her, and she has refused."

"Then I mean to know the reason why!" said Armistead, hastily.

"*Henry!* If you want to ruin the whole thing, just do it!"

They were coming back now. Only a few words had been exchanged. He was very pale, and his face had a set, steadfast look, an expression of a knowledge of an ordeal ahead which there was no dodging. Hers was downcast, suffused. As they neared the waiting pair she seemed to quicken her pace, and quitting her escort's side, came straight forward without another word to him, without even a glance of farewell.

Presently the doors were reopened: the prisoner, and his counsel and friends, and the array of curious spectators, filed quickly back into the close atmosphere where sat in solemn dignity the blue uniformed court. Mrs. Alexander endeavored to move in with the rest, but turned in surprise at Lucy's whispered "Wait." Amidst the rustling of dresses, the tramp of feet, the moving of benches, and the crowding of lookers-on at the door, the rasping voice of the judge-advocate could be plainly distinguished.

* Begun in No. 1667.

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"It is the decision of the court that the question is relevant, and the objection of the defence is overruled. The witness will therefore answer."

"Aunt Annie! Come away—anywhere! I cannot stay!" was the astonishing plea that fell on Mrs. Alexander's ears. Without a word she led her niece out into the open air, out into the November sleet; but even as they passed the portals, where sentries in belted blue kept guard, the bell in a neighboring tower tolled three o'clock. The court stood adjourned for the day. When it met on the morrow she was not there, and the question the judge-advocate meant to ask when she reappeared was not asked at all. He had reserved it as a dramatic *coup*, but Kearny's quick wits had forestalled him. "Miss Armistead," he had said to her, "in order to convince this court that I am biassed in your brother's favor, and so to discredit my evidence, it is the purpose of that man to ask questions which, except the court forbid, I must answer. It is not that I shrink from laying bare my heart, if good could come of it, but *here* it might do harm. To make its effect telling, he means to ask it in your presence. I beg you to remain away—not to re-enter that room until you are notified that I am no longer under examination. Will you promise?"

She could not look up. Down in the depths of her heart she knew—knew well—what he meant. The tenor of the questions already asked was an indication of the kind yet to come. She *knew* now, after these few words of Kearny's, that he would be questioned as to his sentiments toward her—possibly, in plain words, whether or not he did not love the sister of the prisoner, the young lady now seated by the prisoner's side. Never would she subject him to that. And yet—and yet, still with drooping head and downcast eyes, she stood trembling, hesitant. *Could* it be she wished to hear from his lips once again the words she had forbidden when last they met? *Could* it be that even in this supreme moment there was in her sweet, frank, open nature a tiny spark of coquetry? Would she have been quite woman without it?

"What—what can he ask?" she murmured; and though her head bowed lower, though she could not look up in his face, she listened with eager ears and beating heart.

"He would ask that which would compel me to say again, and this time to the whole populace, that my heart and soul are bound up in the girl who sits there at the prisoner's side—the sister of this imperilled man. God knows it is not for myself I implore you to keep away. It is for Henry's sake. But for *that* the whole world might know that ever since your sweet face led me back to life and strength I have loved you—utterly."

The end of the dreary month is at hand. The court has adjourned, and its members have gone their ways to other spheres of duty. As to the verdict, no one of their number can reveal it. The "proceedings" are now under review at the War Department; but an old soldier who knew her father in the *ante bellum* days calls and asks for Lucy before he leaves the city. "My dear young lady," he says to her, "you have made such a study of military law of late that you know we are sworn not to divulge the sentence of the court; but the first time I find myself in a scrape I shall beg that fine fellow, Kearny, to be *amicus curiæ* for me—though I shrewdly fancy it isn't money that inspires his efforts." And the veteran goes away thinking he has said something capital.

Everybody tells her Henry is triumphantly acquitted. Dozens of people—good Union-loving people among them, too—were fascinated by his dignity and noble bearing before the court, as well as by her sweet, pallid face and pathetic mourning garb.

Old Westerlo telegraphs from Warrenton words of hearty congratulation the very day after the adjournment of the court, though he is careful to make no allusion to Henry or Henry's case in doing so. But how could he know the result? Who could tell him? Mrs. Alexander's cozy home has many callers just now—people who are full of sympathy and loving-kindness, and whom Lucy thanks with tears in her eyes; but the one whom she longs to see and thank, the one for whom her heart prays night and day, never comes near her. It is with a shock of bitter sorrow, of almost incredulous grief, she hears, in answer to the timid question that for two days has trembled on her lips, the answer that Colonel Kearny has returned to take command of his regiment at the front. Gone without a look or a word! Gone without giving her opportunity to say, "God bless you for all you've done for me and mine!" Gone when now, at last, she fully realizes that, except the love she bears her soldier brother, all the maiden wealth, all the girlish worship, all the woman's honor and reverence of her heart of hearts, is centred in him, her knight, her hero, her brother's savior.

Henry has been escorted back to his guarded casemate in a distant harbor, and as letters from the prisoners have to be scrutinized by the authorities, he has warned her to look for no line from him until after the promulgation of the orders in his case. Then he expects prompt exchange, and Mrs. Alexander is to take her to see him once more before he goes back to rejoin his gallant troop in Stuart's lines. Wayne Falconer and he are planning to go in the same "batch" of prisoners, he has told her, and she reflects the fact that of the other Falconer he has avoided all mention. She used to wonder at Henry's evident dislike for "poor Scott," as the elder brother once spoke of him. Now she shares it, and one day when Mrs. Alexander, narrowly watching her as she does so, reads aloud that this officer has given his parole and expects to go abroad, she at once amazes and delights her warm-hearted relative by springing to her feet, her face flushing with indignation and vividly contrasting with the pallor of the past week, and with all her old spirit exclaiming: "Given his parole! Going abroad! Oh, the shame of it! I hope he may never set foot in America again!"

"And yet," said Mrs. Alexander to herself, "they thought it was he who stood in Colonel Kearny's way."

Two days more and there comes sudden telegram to Mrs. Alexander that fills them with surprise. It is dated New York.

"Come at once. Captain Armistead leaves for Fortress Monroe to-morrow—for exchange.
"GERARD B. PAULDING."

"Who is Gerard B. Paulding?" asks Mrs. Alexander, after a moment of rapid calculation as to time and train.

"He is a relative of Colonel Kearny's," answers Lucy, slowly. "Henry knew him when he was at college—at least he knew his daughter."

Early the next day they are in New York, and a little steamer plying down the bay conveys them to the island fortification under whose guns is already moored the big black transport that is to carry the swarm of prisoners "back to Dixie." Aboard the boat with them are numerous people, men and women, who are mainly silent and apparently distrustful of one another. They are friends or relatives, hoping for a word or two with the Southerners before they go. As the gang-plank is thrown out, a young officer springs briskly aboard, followed by two or three non-commissioned officers and men. The guard at the sally-port is paraded under arms. A number of passengers press forward and attempt to go ashore, but are promptly checked. None may land who are unprovided with passes from the general commanding in the city. There has been no time to think of such a thing, and Lucy, in despair, turns her brimming eyes to her aunt. "Oh, what can we do?" she asks. Mrs. Alexander appeals to the officer. He is courteous, but firm. The orders are imperative. But at this instant there appears upon the scene a tall, distinguished-looking man, somewhat elderly, but with alert movements and observant eyes. "Mrs. Alexander?—Miss Armistead?" he inquires, lifting his hat as he bows with courtly grace. "They hardly dared expect you until the noon boat, but I came out to see, and was assured the instant my eyes fell on this young lady's face. Take my arm, Mrs. Alexander. Captain Cutting, will you escort Miss Armistead?"

And so they are led ashore past sentries, who salute in silence instead of opposing glittering arms. A moment's walk brings them to the quarters of the commanding officer, and there another sentry "presents" to the officer of the day, and a corporal reports that "the gentleman is in the colonel's parlor." Wonderingly, Lucy ascends the wooden stairs. Who may "they" be? she asks herself as the party enters. Opposite the doorway to the bright army parlor Mr. Paulding pauses with Mrs. Alexander at his side, and smilingly beckons Lucy to lead. She does so, silently, and stands just inside the portals, looking around in surprise and disappointment. No Henry there to welcome her! Beyond, there is another room, a library and study combined, and its door is open. Stepping lightly thither, Lucy Armistead pauses in astonishment. Yonder stands Henry, oblivious of her presence, and by his side, gazing up into his eyes, clinging to his arm, encircled by the other, is the explanation of his oblivion—a beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl. Even in her stupefaction Miss Armistead cannot but notice how admirably she is dressed, and, womanlike, feels herself at disadvantage; but in the next instant the absorbed pair have suddenly looked up and seen her.

"Lulie!" cries the captain, as he springs forward and clasps her in his arms. Then, with pride and mirth and gladness mingling in his heart, he raises her tearful face, kisses tenderly the moistened eyes. "Come!" he says, laughing in delight, holding her with his left arm and stretching forth the other hand for the tall stranger standing there with such a happy blush upon her face. "Come! It's high time you knew each other, you sisters that are to be, despite the fact we are rebs to the very marrow. Lucy, this is my promised wife, Kate Paulding."

She comes forward smilingly, and bends with glistening eyes and mantling cheeks to greet the girl who still hovers there wonderingly, encircled by Henry's arm. There is an instant only of silence and hesitation on Lucy's part; then her voice obeys her.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cries. "I—I'm so glad; but—I thought—all along— Why, Henry! You told me so yourself!"

And Kate Paulding's lips are pressed to her wet cheek before she answers, laughing low amid her blushes:

"That was all *my* fault. A school-girl romance, all of my own, and long since forgotten."

Mine Run, that bloodless contest wherein for the last time Lee's science prevailed over the Army of the Potomac, is over and done with. The nation has dismally resigned itself to the inevitable winter of masterly inactivity in the East, but looks hopefully to the generals rising, fight after fight, to eminence in the West. Thither enterprising young soldiers are eagerly turning. Thither Colonel Frank Kearny has determined to make his way, and is once again in Washington seeking service in the distant field. Lucy Armistead listens with bated breath and wildly fluttering heart to her aunt's cool announcement of her casual meeting with him near Willard's, his kind inquiries after her, and his regrets that he would probably be unable to see her, as he expected to start for Chattanooga on the morrow. But cool as is Mrs. Alexander's manner, her eyes are observant as ever, and that evening he comes.

How he looks, what he says, what she replies—these are matters that for ten minutes or more Lucy Armistead knows nothing of. She is seated there in the arm-chair, listening to the grave, courteous tones in which he is telling Mrs. Alexander of some friends of hers in the cavalry corps. For a quarter of an hour she herself hardly speaks a word. Then Mrs. Alexander rises.

"I know your time is precious, colonel, and so I will go and write the letter at once. You are sure it won't be a trouble to you? No doubt the mails would eventually carry it to Cousin Harry."

"But I shall see the captain in less than four days. Don't fear to burden me. Make it as long as you like." And in another moment she is gone. Lucy glances timidly, tremblingly up at the tall, stalwart soldier who opens the door for the departing lady. Then the room seems to whirl as he slowly returns and stands there by the mantle. He will not speak, and at last she *has* to.

"I am so glad you came—to see us, colonel. There would have been no way to tell you—how I thanked you," she begins.

But he raises his hand, interposing.

"There was no need," he answers gently. "What have I done, compared with what you and yours have done and suffered on my account?—though you lost no opportunity, Miss Armistead," he adds, with rather a dreary smile, "to assure me it was all on Henry's account. Have you heard from him at all?"

"Not since his return; that is, not directly." And now she is tingling all over. How can she speak of Kate Paulding?

"Through my cousin Kate?" he unhesitatingly asks. "That reminds me. We can congratulate each other on being *in futuro* second-cousins-in-law, can we not? I am really delighted with that engagement, though they tell me it is not to be spoken of until the war is over—rather an indefinite time. By-the-way—*now* may I see the letter Henry wrote to insure my welcome at the homestead? How the conceit is taken out of one as he advances in years! Henry demands my safety and nursing and concealment solely, I find, on account of my fair cousin, with whom he was in love, and who, with the ruthlessness of her sex, exacted the promise from him that if ever I fell into his hands he would do his best to save me. Being an Armistead, he had to keep his word. Then *you* nurse and guard me—all on Henry's account; and I—ah, well! I've paid for it heavily. Once I was absurd enough to hope it might have been a little on my own account. There—forgive me—I mean no reproach. I vowed not to speak of it. I even meant—not to see you; but your aunt sent an urgent message; she wished to see me. Let me have Henry's letter to read every now and then; it will cure this malady better than anything else perhaps."

But she has bowed her head and will make no answer. He comes a step or two toward her, wondering at her silence. Still she sits there bending forward now, her face hidden in her trembling hands.

"You need not hesitate, Lucy," he continues, gently. "She has written me the whole story—how she once fancied it was Cousin Frank she adored, and all that school-girl nonsense. It was all over with when a fellow like your Henry appeared as a lover, and I don't wonder. And so, twice, it seems, am I forestalled by these incomparable Virginia wooers. I surrender my boy sweetheart to an Armistead. I yield the love, the queen, the wife of my heart and soul and strength—you, oh my darling—to Scott Falconer."

She springs to her feet now, her eyes dilating, her little hands clasping tightly as she gazes full into his quivering face.

"Scott Falconer! Colonel Kearny, what *can* you mean? Scott Falconer! The man—the *Virginian*—who gave his parole and has fled to Europe to avoid further service—*that coward!*"

"They all told me so—his own brother—you yourself—just after I saw you with him. If he was not 'that other' who stood between us, in God's name who is it?"

She cannot answer—she cannot speak. Her eyes are drooping again, her bosom heaving, her heart bounding. Oh, why cannot he see—why does not he understand? Suddenly there is a rustle of skirts in the upper hall, Aunt Annie's brisk and cheery voice. The letter is written and she is returning. It is now or never, and Lucy knows it. He springs to her side as the steps of the lady of the house, distinct and deliberate, are heard at the head of the stairs.

"Lucy, tell me," he implores.

And then quickly she turns, though even now her sweet eyes are hidden; quickly her hand flutters into his throbbing palm, almost breathlessly she murmurs the longed-for answer,

"No man on earth."

What eccentric creatures some women are! Half-way down the stairs Mrs. Alexander discovers she has forgotten a postscript, and turns about to write it. There is a blessed quarter of an hour in which to recover from the semi-dazed condition in which the occupants of the parlor find themselves. A little later they are standing at the mantle, and she is looking shyly up into his glowing, soldierly face, a great joy illumining her violet eyes.

"And it was Wayne Falconer whose sabre did that—a Virginia sabre?"

"A Virginia sabre indeed! You must thank your own neighbors for spoiling what good looks I had, Lucy," he replies, laughingly.

She is silent a moment, still looking up at the red scar on his cheek.

"I was thinking of a story I once read. A soldier who went to his king and begged his permission to challenge a brother officer who had struck him in the face. Nothing else, he said, would wash out the stain upon his honor or heal the smart. Did you ever hear it, or how the king made amends for the injury?"

"I do not remember it," he answers.

She hesitates a moment, the color deepening in her face. Her hands are clasped together, but she raises and rests them timidly on his breast. Then, looking up in his eyes, she whispers,

"Bend down, just a little."

He does so, inclining his ear for the expected words. Suddenly she rises on tiptoe, her arms are quickly thrown about his neck, his bronzed cheek is drawn still nearer, and then her soft lips rest upon the sabre's scar.

THE END.

IN THE BEGINNING.

In the beginning, lo, some mystic tie
Bound the still Moon as lover to the Sea,
And at her voice, the great heart, throbbing free,
Flung its waves upward with a yearning cry.
Death paled the Moon's wan face long ages past,
Yet still the Sea remembers the far call,
And night and morn, with rhythmic rise and fall,
The tidal waters at her feet are cast.

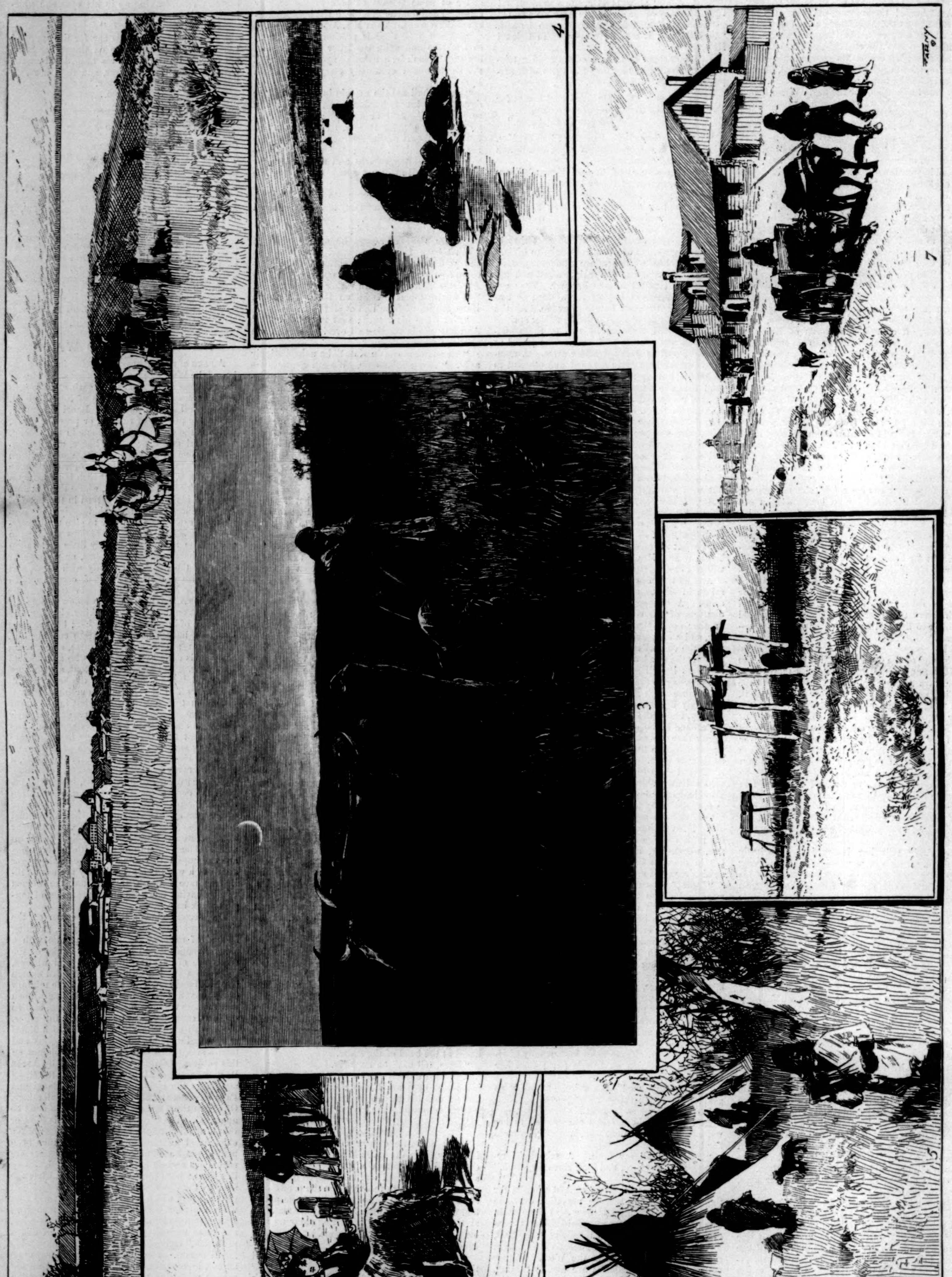
Time may not deaden Love's quick listening ears,
Nor Death lay silence on a voice which thrills
Like unseen echoes through the silent hills.
Lo, the Eternal, ere the birth of years,
Breathed through still lips this strangely gracious breath
Which distance changes not, nor time, nor death.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

MAORI LIFE AND WAYS.

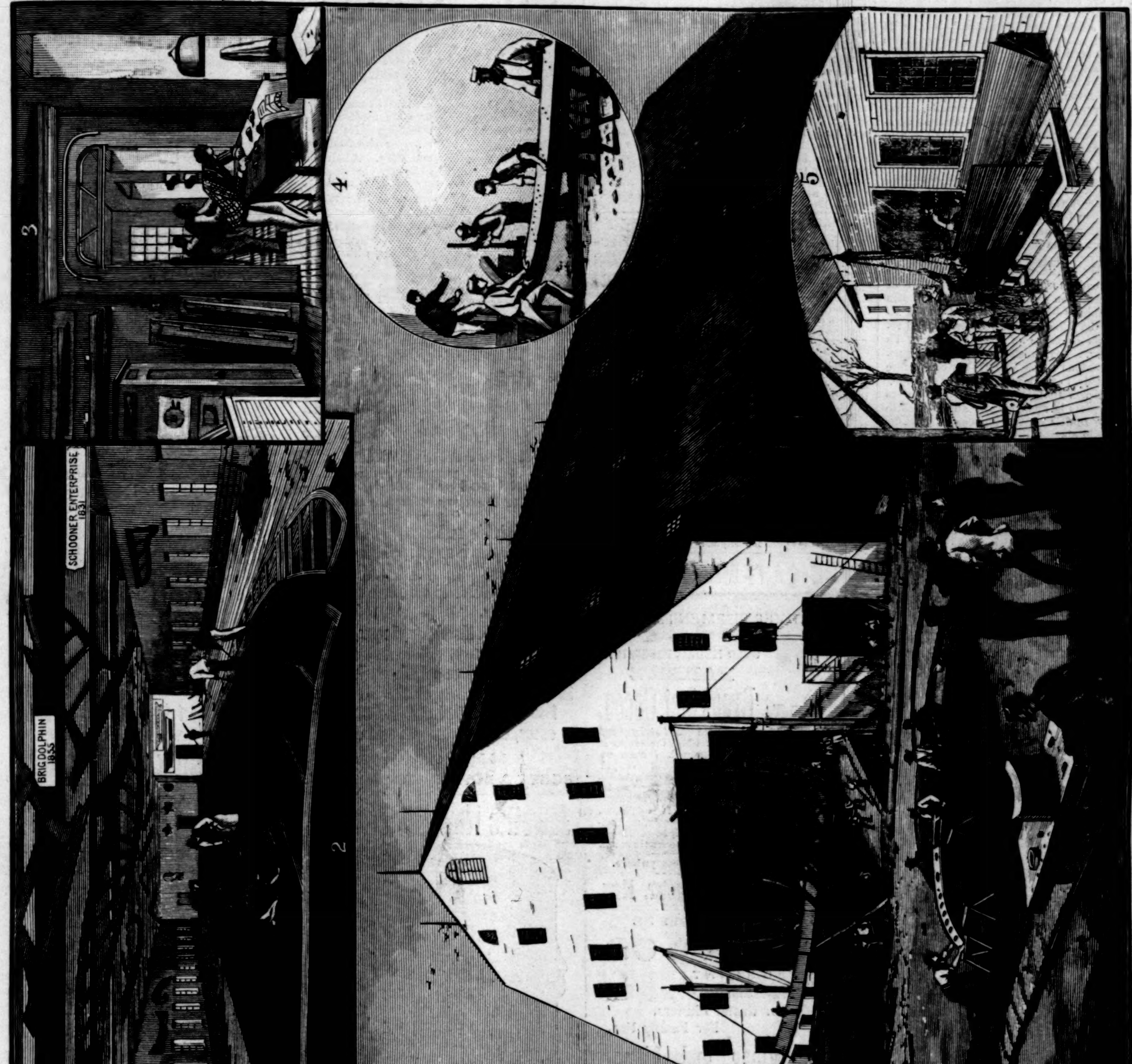
A PAGE of miscellaneous sketches in this number of the WEEKLY gives the reader some idea of the manners and customs, the garb, and the general appearance of the natives of New Zealand. The central sketch, that of a Maori salutation, shows the process of rubbing or pressing noses, which is the etiquette of welcome in that island. The Maori *whare*, or native house, usually consists of one large room, destitute of furniture except mats, although Europeans sometimes make a gift of a table or a chair, which is prized as a luxury. The ornamentation, where there is any, is that of idols, sometimes carved in the wood of the house itself, and staring hideously at the people or at each other in a way to give the impression of a set of occupants besides the human ones. The houses are usually little more than huts or hovels, made of rushes, or perhaps of stalks of the *toi*, bound tightly with fibres, and roofed with grasses. This roof, carried out in front of the hut, gives a sheltered entrance. The door is low, often with a small window at the side. The fire is on the floor, and cooking, sleeping, and the plaint of infants go on together; but the more luxurious houses have a separate cooking hut. The mats are important features, since much sleeping is done by the Maoris, who are indolent by nature. The men, usually stout, are tattooed all over, but the women only in the lower part of the face. The Maori lady in our illustration is attired in true native fashion, but in the towns some have acquired the improvements of their European sisters, with kid gloves and boots and gowns that trail. Those who go to church are especially startling in their union of native and imported rigs. The Maoris are, on the whole, a race with many fine qualities, bright, affectionate, good-humored, grateful, generous, hospitable beyond the conception of white races, brave, often almost insensible to pain, but with no industry or persistency. Of course with their proverbial honesty they yet have some thieves, and with their usual gentleness they have the insolent and menacing. These need to be met with perfect courage and imperturbability, for they consider anger a sign of a weak character. They are not an ill-looking race beneath their tattoo, the women usually having fine eyes and a profusion of tangled black hair.

The second sketch, that of a canoe on the river, shows how the Maoris navigate, paddling instead of rowing. They use a paddle with a long diamond-shaped blade. The banks of the rivers are often girt with acacias and willows, and canoes abound on them. The third sketch is of a Maori warrior. One part of the military equipment which formerly struck Englishmen was the war trumpet, fully six feet long, and so skilfully constructed as to be heard for miles. The fourth and fifth sketches, those of a Maori temple and children, introduce the religious and family side, which one of the latest volumes on this subject, *Glimpses of Maori-Land*, by ANNIE R. BUTLER, treats of interestingly. In the Maori mythology the gods are children of Rangi and Papa (Heaven and Earth), who created all things. Of course there are malignant gods who must be appeased. The great religious power is *tapu*, or that of making things sacred by the touch of the chief; and as records of what has thus been made sacred are not kept, the consequences are sometimes serious for unintentional violators of it. The author of this volume says that when the story of the Prodigal Son was told to some Maori girls the part which touched them most was that when the poor lad had spent all his money no man gave unto him. "Several of the girls cried, and there were deep sighs and notes of disapprobation," truly characteristic of the hospitable Maori nature. The Maoris are quick, says the author, in repartee and illustration, and an old woman criticising the length of a sermon said: "My calabash is full. Why give me any more water? It can only run over." Yet, with all their affection and frankness, the Maori children seemed to Miss BUTLER to have no idea of obedience. The babies are carried slung on the backs of the mothers in shawls, like the pappooses of our Indians. The women have their ears pierced for wearing ornaments, of which the shark's tooth is a favorite; but some, with an inventiveness not found among their civilized sisters, have been known to utilize the hole in the ear by sticking into it a tobacco-pipe, so as to have it ready for use.



THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF DAKOTA.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 187.]

1. Fort Totten and Devil's Lake. 2. Waiting for the Mail Steamer. 3. "The Angelus"—Mission Indians at Prayer. 4. Fishing through the Ice. 5. Sioux Indian Camp near Fort Totten. 6. Sioux Graves. 7. The Old Trading Post.



BUILDING THE NEW WAR SHIP "MAINE" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 186.]

1. Designing-Room. 2. Moulding-Loft. 3. Model-Maker. 4. Bending a Frame. 5. Pickling and Cleaning Steel Plates.

OLD AND NEW INVESTMENTS.

The current agitation regarding the management of our railroads that bids fair to result in a more enlightened exercise of the rights of ownership by stockholders is constantly having its effect upon railroad managers. Fresh evidence of this has been furnished this week by two important companies. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Company has adopted the practice of reporting the net results of the operation of its road every month, instead of annually, as has been its custom, and the Illinois Central Company, also contrary to its practice, has given to its stockholders through the medium of the newspapers the greater part of its annual report, instead of holding it back until the annual election for directors. There is every reason to believe that this report was not made public voluntarily, but was elicited ahead of the usual time by the severe strictures that have been passed upon the management of the company. The unexpected and entirely unwarranted attitude of the company toward the Association of Presidents of the Western roads, formed to secure stability of rates—a condition desirable for both shippers and stockholders—has drawn a good deal of attention to the Illinois Central Company, and resulted in an exposure of the weakness of its management. The directors have deemed it necessary to defend themselves, if they can, before the stockholders exercise their right of suffrage.

The criticism that applies so frequently to railroad reports is applicable in all its force to that of the Illinois Central Company. It is far from being intelligible even to those who are familiar with such exhibits. Whether it is purposely so cannot be determined, as the company has for some years employed a system of bookkeeping that is complicated, and it has been compelled by circumstances to treat, at least for the year 1888, its system as if it consisted of two distinct parts. Yet the relations between the two parts are unavoidably patent in a report that is devoted ostensibly to only one of them. The facts about the Illinois Central Railroad, plainly stated, are that it has fallen into incapable hands just when its affairs called for the exercise of a good deal of experience and sound business judgment. The respectability of the present managers of the company has never been questioned, but that quality is exceeded by their lack of practical knowledge regarding the handling of a great railroad system. At a time when the majority of the great Granger trunk lines were straining themselves to extend their lines far out into the sage-brush desert this side of the Rocky Mountains, the Illinois Central Company believed its salvation lay in the development of branch lines running, as a rule, at right angles to its main line. The first of these lines was acquired avowedly to control competition, the later ones to secure business. As to the policy of securing these lines there is a difference of opinion, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the impropriety of capitalizing them largely in excess of their cost and the amount that has been expended in improving them. The company seems to have reached a halting-place in the expansion of its system, as in fact all of its neighbors have. It is going to be unfashionable to build railroads for a time, and it is well that it is going to be so, for a suspension of enterprise in that direction is needed to allow the country to grow up to those now in operation.

The showing made by the Milwaukee and St. Paul road for the first month of the present year is of a character to encourage the hope that the most trying days of that company are over. They doubtless are, if the Western and Southwestern trunk lines will bring themselves into harmony with each other and with the Inter-State Commerce Law. As with the Atchison Company, time for recuperation will be needed in every case. Pending the absolute determination of the success of the so-called Presidents' agreements, the adjournment of Congress, and the return from winter resorts of a number of large operators, the Stock Exchange markets have been very nearly stationary. But with the change at Washington a livelier interest seems to be taken in business all around. Of course the feeling that actuates people at such a time is purely sentimental, but it counts for something in business, and a great deal more in speculation, all the time. Money is easy enough both at home and abroad to encourage any movement that may be undertaken to arouse interest in any of the speculative markets, and it is likely to continue so until greater activity in trade and speculation makes its use more valuable than at present.

The disfavor into which railroad property, or rather railroad stocks, have fallen as an investment has naturally enough diverted a certain amount of attention to other enterprises, and in consequence there has been of late a marked development in the shares of industrial companies. A few years ago the securities of this class dealt in upon the Stock Exchange consisted entirely of coal and a few other mining companies that are steady producers of the precious metals. Now the trading in gas stocks, in the certificates of the American Cotton Oil Trust, and in petroleum frequently exceed that in any of the usually active stocks, while the fluctuations of the certificates of the Sugar Refineries Trust are regarded with as much interest as many of the old-time investment stocks. A well-known Stock Exchange house has just floated a consolidated brewing company of a provincial town in this State, and another firm, noted for its conservatism, is about to bring out a mammoth cattle raising, slaughtering, and retailing company, in which a number of aggressive capitalists have joined hands. The indications are that in a little while Wall Street will on account of this innovation, or rather its imitation of English markets, be discussing learnedly about industries of which it is now ignorant. C. A.

New York, *Saturday, March* 2, 1889.

DOUBT BRIGHTENING INTO HOPE

And hope into certainty, is the pleasing transition through which the mind of the nervous, dyspeptic invalid passes who tries a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is alike incomparable and inimitable. Increased vitality, a gain in weight, tranquillity of the nerves, sound appetite and sleep are among the blessings which it is within the beneficent power of this medicine to confer, and it is not surprising that after acquiring this new dowry of health the grateful sick should sometimes utter their praises of the Bitters in terms bordering on extravagance. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the proprietors of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have sometimes been obliged to suppress these eulogiums least they should be accused of blowing their own trumpet too loudly. For constipation, billousness, kidney complaint, and incipient rheumatism the Bitters is also a deservedly popular remedy. —[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a healthy growth of the Hair.—[*Ad.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE CHICAGO AND DENVER EXPRESS

Is a new train that is now running daily between Chicago and Denver via the Chicago & North-Western and Union Pacific Railways. It leaves Chicago daily at 5.30 P.M., and coaches, free reclining-chair cars and Palace Sleepers run through, arriving at Council Bluffs and Omaha at convenient hours the next morning, and at Denver early the second morning. Meals en route over the North-Western are served in dining-cars. California passengers leaving Chicago by this train Tuesday evenings connect at Council Bluffs with the famous "Golden Gate Special," which reaches San Francisco Friday at 7.45 P.M., making the time between Chicago and San Francisco only three days, the quickest time ever made between Chicago and California by trains run on regular schedule. Tickets, timetables, and full information can be obtained at any coupon ticket office, or by addressing E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

The Kodak.

Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the Kodak. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of Kodak Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

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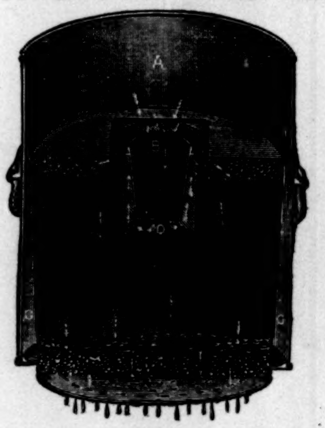

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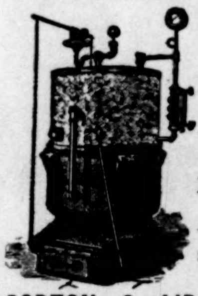
Is the Best and Most Economical Method.



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SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.
AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.
Any servant girl can run it with ease.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.
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Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

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DR. WILLIAMSON, New London, Conn.

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New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.

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LYONS SILK GRENADINES,
French Dress Fabrics,
PRINTED CHALLIES.
Pure Mohairs and Brilliantines; extreme Novelties in French Sateens and Scotch Zephyrs; India, China, and Japan Silks; Plain and Printed Flannels. Exclusive and original patterns.
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Microscope and Magnifier combined. Very powerful and suitable for the examination of all kind of objects. Shell gold; tip, dead silver finish. With swivel, mailed free on receipt of $1.00. For 25c. extra will supply a mounted Micro-Photo-Transparency of any picture furnished (will be returned). The Micro can be attached to and worn with the Charm. CURT W. MEYER, Optician, *Established* 1866. 788 Broadway, N. Y.

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State & Monroe Sts. CHICAGO,
will mail free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc. Contains Instruction for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

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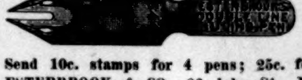
DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.



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Send stamp for samples and price-list.
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For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

R. H. MACY & CO.,

SIXTH AVENUE, 13th TO 14th ST., N. Y.

Black Silks at Attractive Prices.

A Good Black Surah Rhadame or Duchesse at 69c.; worth 90c.
A Rich Royal Armure, 5 designs, 88c.; worth $1.25.
A Rich Faille, Rhadame, or Triple-Warp Surah, 98c.; worth $1.30.
A Heavy Black Watered Silk at 99c.; worth $1.30.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, warranted to wear, 99c.; worth $1.35.
A Superior Black Faille Française at $1.25 and $1.48.
Elegant Black Satin Duchesse, $1.25 and $1.48.
Rich Novelties in Black Royal, with Moire Stripes, $1.49; worth $2.00.
A Rich Black Gros-Grain, with wide Moire Stripes, $1.25; worth $2.00.
A Double-Warp Black Surah or All-Silk Satin at 58c.; worth $1.00.
Superior Black Cashmere-Finish Gros-Grain at $1.25 and $1.48.

Genuine Bargains in Colored Silks.

Black-and-White Check Surah, 59c.; worth 85c.
Black Surah, with Gray Stripes, 49c.; worth 85c.
Fine 24-inch White Shanghai Silk, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Superior 28-inch Japanese Silk, 79c.; worth $1.25.
All Colors in China Silks, 49c., 59c., 69c., and 79c.
Choice Designs in 27-inch Printed India Silks, 78c. and 89c. This quality is generally sold at $1.00 and $1.25.
Plaid and Striped Surah, rich combinations, 69c.; worth $1.00.
22-inch All-Silk French Moire, staple shades, 59c.; worth $1.00.
Magnificent Stock of Rich Round-Cord Faille Française, will not crack or slip, 84c., 97c., and $1.19; worth $1.00, $1.25, and $1.50.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Cashmeres at lowest prices ever known.
Our quality C at 69c., is good value for 85c.
" " D " 79c., " " " $1.00.
" " E " 89c., " " " $1.10.
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Silk-Warp Henriettas. Note the Great Reduction in Prices.
Our quality AA at 97c.; was $1.15.
" " BB " $1.24; " $1.49.
" " CC " $1.49; " $1.74.
" " DD " $1.69; " $1.99.

We are offering a superior quality in Black and Colored Dress Velveteens at 59c. per yard; recently sold at 85c.
We call attention to our Colored Cashmeres, 100 different shades, at 49c. per yard; real value, 75c.

Send for Samples of the above Special Bargains.
Be sure to mention this paper.

We shall prepay freight on all the above items on paid purchases of $5 and over.

Mail Orders Carefully Executed.

Sixth Avenue, 13th St. to 14th St.

Public Speakers:

A TEASPOONFUL OF PROCTER & GAMBLE'S VEGETABLE GLYCERINE DILUTED WITH AN EQUAL QUANTITY OF WATER, WILL CLEAR THE VOICE OF MINISTERS, LECTURERS, SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE ELEGANT BOOK OF TOILET RECIPES THAT CAN BE PREPARED EASILY AND CHEAPLY AT HOME. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TWO TWO-CENT STAMPS. ADDRESS, ...

PROCTER & GAMBLE,
GLYCERINE DEP'T, CINCINNATI, O.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. P'k'ge Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds, GUIDE, and 10c. Certificate for Seeds, *your choice*, all for 2 stamps (4 cents.) Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA.
☞ Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

BRIC-À-BRAC-IANE.

LADY. "Oh, what a lovely chair! It is an antique, is it not?"
SALESMAN. "No, Madame, that is modern."
LADY. "Oh, what a pity! It was so pretty."

SKIN DISEASES.

What spectacle is more disgusting than that of a man or woman with a skin disease which shows itself in pimples or blotches on hands, arms, face, and neck? It is simply impure blood. See what BRANDRETH'S PILLS did for a chronic case: George Chapman, Pincening, Mich., says:

"For four years I was in the Mounted Infantry in the U. S. Army, residing during that time principally in Texas. Almost all of that time I had a chronic skin disease, characterized by an eruption over the entire surface of my legs and thighs, arms and chest. The doctors termed it eczema. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when BRANDRETH'S PILLS were recommended to me. I concluded to try them, and did so, and I have thanked God daily since then that I did so. I think I used them altogether for about three months, and, by that time, was completely cured and have never had any trouble since. My skin is as clear as any one's."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

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Dear Sirs: I am especially pleased with the Cabinet Claret, which, in flavor and bouquet, is equal to the BEST foreign wine I have ever tasted. It must take the highest place among the world's wines.

Yours faithfully,
TO EDGE HILL WINE CO. CYRUS EDSON.

Order through your Grocer, or write to us direct.

EDGE HILL WINE CO.,
Personal inspection invited. **12 Barclay St., N.Y.**

Pure Unfermented
GRAPE JUICE,
NOT WINE, NO ALCOHOL.
BROOK LAWN FARM,
Esopus-on-Hudson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

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HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
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There is nothing more conducive to wholesome pleasure, and to the creation in the family of an elevated moral condition, than the persistent use of these periodicals. They are as familiar as household words, and are administered with such high humanity and wisdom that they constitute one of the greatest engines of civilization now in existence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage-Stamps.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Drgguists.

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PLANTS AND TREES

GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

CHOICEST OLD. RAREST NEW.

Among the latter we introduce the **CRAWFORD STRAWBERRY.** **YOU WANT IT!** It combines more good qualities than any other. If you want **PURE TESTED SEED** or anything, for **ORCHARD, GARDEN, LAWN or PARK,** send for our

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containing about 140 pages with hundreds of illustrations. **IT'S A BEAUTY! ORDER DIRECT.** Get the best at honest prices, and save all commissions. Thirty-fifth year; 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

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POMPONE ZINNIA.

IF YOU WISH A SUCCESSFUL GARDEN, TRY

DREER'S RELIABLE SEEDS

PLANTS, BULBS AND GARDEN REQUISITES, which have been a **standard** *for over 50 years*, with the most critical gardeners. Our trial grounds enable us to test all, and to offer only varieties of merit. Good new sorts a **Specialty.** **DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1889** is the finest Seed Catalogue issued. A complete guide to the *Garden, Farm* and *Pleasure Ground;* contains two colored plates, and 170 pages. Is mailed for **15c.** in stamps, and includes your choice of **one packet** of the following novelties; **Dreer's Golden Cluster Bean,** the finest pole bean; **Golden Self-Blanching Celery; Seminole Watermelon,** the most luscious grown; **Princess Beatrice Sweet Pea,** the new blush color; the lovely **Dahlia Gracilis,** blooms from seed the first season; **Nasturtium Empress of India,** the richest crimson color; **New Pompone Zinnia,** in all colors mixed. Will mail **one pkt.** of each of these varieties, including the *Calendar*, for **60c.** Mention paper and if a market gardener.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual LIFE Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1888,		$55,128,568.55
RECEIVED IN 1888,		
For Premiums, . .	$4,436,285.32	
For Interest and Rents,	2,987,190.64	
		7,423,475.96
		$62,552,044.51

DISBURSED IN 1888.

For claims by death and matured endowments, .	$3,695,752.04	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,160,367.77	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies,	529,228.52	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS,	$5,385,348.33	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses, . . .	664,885.24	
TAXES, ...	294,383.47	
PROFIT AND LOSS, . . .	354,527.60	
		6,699,144.64
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888,		$55,852,899.87

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien, . .		$31,630,448.60
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds, . . .		391,183.00
Premium Notes on Policies in force, .		1,953,501.18
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Comp'y,		9,045,869.86
Cost of United States and other Bonds, .		9,840,575.34
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks, .		409,341.00
Cash in Banks, ...		2,568,772.64
Balance due from Agents, secured, . .		13,208.25
		$55,852,899.87
ADD		
Interest due and accrued, .	$1,002,204.80	
Rents accrued, ...	11,552.29	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost, ...	488,560.80	
Net deferred premiums, .	105,431.44	
		$1,607,749.33
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1888,		$57,460,649.20
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to re-insure all outstanding Policies, net, assuming 4 per cent interest, ...	$50,987,553.00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on Policies issued since April 1, 1882, . .	350,370.00	
All other liabilities, . . .	908,016.61	
		52,245,939.61
SURPLUS by Company's Standard, . .		$5,214,709.59
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent.,		5,565,079.59

Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1888, ... 8.96 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1888, 63,660, insuring, ... $151,361,913.00

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice-President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
D. H. WELLS, Actuary.

BARRY'S ESTABLISHED 1801
Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR

The Oldest and the Best.
Fastens the hair where it has a tendency to fall out, renews its growth where the fibres have disappeared, preserves its color in spite of age, sickness, and sorrow, and makes it (however harsh) as flexible and glossy as silk.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

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THE "BUD" OF THE INAUGURATION BALL.

UNCLE SAM. "'Pears to me you're getting to be kind er perennial, marm."

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

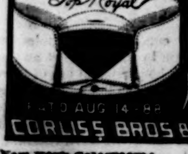
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Look all around among the Retailers,

then write to **C. C. SHAYNE,** manufacturer, 103 Prince St., for his price for a genuine London-dressed **ALASKA SEAL-SKIN GARMENT,** which is 10 per cent. less than the same quality can be purchased elsewhere. Small Furs and Plush Garments marked way down. Fashion Book mailed free.



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A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE

FOR SALE BY ALL MENS FURNISHERS

MADE ONLY BY CORLISS BROS & CO. TROY N.Y.

New York Salesroom: 78 Franklin St. Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Price 50 Cents.

WILL CURE

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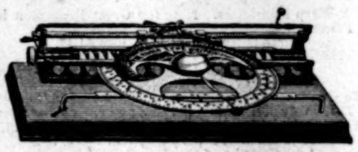

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CALIFORNIA WINE-MAKING.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

AT the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 was a California wine exhibit that attracted more or less attention among the army of visitors. The wine was a beautiful amber color. It looked like nectar fit for the gods; but it was coarse and earthy in taste and full of disagreeable sediment. The exhibit did not have the sanction of the State, and was a mere commercial venture by the proprietor of some restaurant. It did much to damage the reputation of California wines in the East, and it took nearly ten years to remove the bad impression created by that villanous travesty.

California wine-making a decade ago was emphatically in its infancy. In fully three-quarters of the vineyards was the old Mission grape, dark purple in color, thick-skinned, and sweet, but without the delicacy of flavor requisite for wine. It was introduced from Mexico or Spain by the Franciscan fathers, who, under the lead of JUNIPERO SERRA, came to California late in the last century. It made a strong, heady wine, and is now almost entirely superseded as a wine-making grape, being chiefly used for brandy, for which purpose it is regarded as better than the imported varieties. Several vineyards planted by the Franciscans may still be seen in southern California. One, at Santa Barbara, has changed little in appearance, and continues in the care of the *padres*, who live in the stately mission close at hand. Leaving the town and walking to the quiet church, one may visit this sunny garden and watch the fathers at their work—pruning, raking, tending the vines with all the simple ardor for which the Franciscans were, and still are, so famous. In the fall they gather the fruit, and within the mission walls make their wines. As contrasts, if nothing more, the old church vineyards are most delightful places to visit.

As illustrative of the increased importance of the wine-making industry may be mentioned the fact that within the last six years the vineyard acreage has more than quadrupled, and the annual product has increased from a few thousand to nearly 20,000,000 gallons. It is estimated that $75,000,000 is now invested in vineyards, wineries, and cellars, and the belief is expressed that in ten years from now the value of the yearly product of wine will exceed that of all the other industries combined. When the increase of acreage and production first began, predictions were made of failure and loss from over-production; but the price of grapes has been well maintained, and no vineyardist who has planted good varieties and made honest wine has been unsuccessful.

Although the area of California is so great—the State is more than 800 miles long—yet the grape land is limited, and that adapted to the finest foreign varieties may almost be numbered by the hundreds of acres. The two best-known valleys—those having a soil and climate both adapted for the production of the choicest grapes from the Medoc, Bordeaux, and Rhine Valley districts—are Sonoma and Napa. They are north of San Francisco, and are guarded by the hills of the Coast Range. Other districts having nearly equal advantages are in the counties of Contra Costa, Alameda, and Santa Clara. There are also scattered spots along the foot-hills of the Sierras, and in various southern and central counties, in which the best wine grapes have been cultivated with success; but the most satisfactory results have been obtained in the counties I have mentioned. Elsewhere, the success so far has been but partial.

In studying the present subject I began my investigations at San Diego, in the extreme south, and, while not willing to say so emphatically, I am inclined to the belief that the choicest wine will be made in the north; and never, even there, by the wholesale or in large quantities. Wine, be it remembered, is not like many products. Affected by heat and light, greatly modified by its youth or old age, it must be cajoled, not forced, caressed, and never abused. A certain variety of vine may thrive anywhere, but the wine is sure to emphasize all defects of soil and climate. Fair wine in abundance will be produced in the southern counties, but except in rare instances, where perhaps a highly favored acre is found, the higher priced and best flavored wines will come from the vineyards where the growth of vine is less rank. Southern fruit, as a rule, sacrifices flavor to quantity. One must not be regarded as partial or biassed who makes such a statement as the above. Present facts uphold him in his conclusions, and until growers in the south learn to distinguish between quality and quantity, they cannot be considered as careful vineyardists or makers of the best wines.

Before visiting the vineyards of California it will be wise, perhaps, as it surely is profitable, to present a few general facts regarding this important industry. It must not be presumed that the subject can be exhaustively considered in the space afforded by a weekly journal. Questions of vital interest to the viticulturists are continually arising, and men have devoted the best years of their life to answering them. The industry admits of much study. The best that I can do is to so picture the vineyards, which from childhood one never thinks of as other than picturesque, that those who have never seen them may gain an idea at least of their appearance. We shall watch the pickers gathering the fruit early in the fall, visit the cellars, with their huge casks, see the crushers pressing out great streams of wine, the odor of which fills the air with fragrance. In fact, we shall become vineyardists for the moment—living in the open air, climbing the hillsides where the vines grow, resting beneath the live-oaks. Nothing could be more delightful than the existence we shall lead.

A WINE-CELLAR.

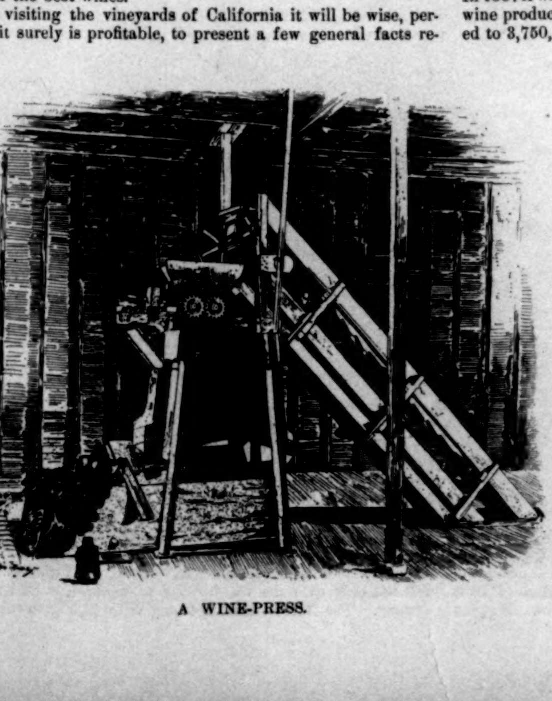
California is a most phenomenal State. It is our Italy, our France, our Spain and Germany in one. From it come our fruits, our nuts, and our wines; and its climate, so different from that to which the majority of us are accustomed, is already tempting thousands from their earlier homes. In studying the wine industry the following table, showing the exports of wine from San Francisco in 1887, is the key-note to our future knowledge:

Months.	Gallons.	Cases.	Value.
January	90,472	435	$42,369
February	104,793	390	50,460
March	110,563	152	37,222
April	197,708	1,090	98,124
May	278,252	1,132	115,283
June	111,335	459	56,169
July	207,557	918	92,776
August	166,243	240	70,140
September	109,430	845	52,618
October	209,844	1,181	100,018
November	112,994	598	53,909
December	239,284	383	120,700
Totals	1,938,475	7,823	$889,788

The destination of these 1,938,475 gallons was as follows:

Country.	Gallons.	Cases.	Value.
New York	1,680,227	1,335	$696,412
Hawaiian Islands	71,150	612	62,877
Panama	26,449	67	11,151
Mexico	30,391	290	20,023
Tahiti	23,884	132	10,791
Central America	31,260	2,534	34,654
China	2,151	302	2,442
Japan	28,375	526	16,401
South America	384	61	616
Germany	7,798	174	5,829
British Columbia	13,313	215	9,717
Pacific Islands	258	17	228
Great Britain	5,643	1,462	8,824
France	9,575	6	4,344
Asiatic Russia	2,097	....	2,018
Norway	3,344	....	1,565
Apia	1,611	....	1,004
Canada	224	50	490
New Zealand	- 168	4	142
Australia	48	20	128
India	......	16	65
Java	130	....	63
Totals	1,938,475	7,823	$889,784

In 1860 there were only 60,000 acres in California planted to vines. In 1887 it was estimated that the acreage amounted to 160,000. The wine product also has been largely increased. In 1876 it amounted to 3,750,000 gallons; in 1880 to 8,500,000 gallons; in 1884 to 15,000,000 gallons, and in 1886 to 16,000,000 gallons. The season of 1887 was not so favorable, and the product was not over 12,000,000. But the acreage is larger now than ever before, and with a favorable season the yield in another year is expected to be from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons. The home consumption of wine has grown nearly fivefold in ten years, and the demand from the East increases every year.



A WINE-PRESS.

Viticulture, both as a commercial and an industrial interest, is most important. There are probably 5000 vineyard owners in California, and from 30,000 to 40,000 men are employed in cultivating, picking, storing, pressing, bottling, and in otherwise caring for the crop and preparing the wine for the consumers. White laborers receive from $25 to $30 a month, with board and lodging; Chinamen are paid $1 per day and board themselves. It is estimated that nearly $325,000 a month is paid out in wages, and that from 125,000 to 150,000 people are indirectly benefited by the industry. To illustrate the possible expansion of the business, one should compare the present acreage and product of California with the acreage and product of France, from which comes a third of the entire wine supply in the world. For ten years, from 1871 to 1881, the average area in vineyards there was 5,831,272 acres, and the product 1,340,000,000 gallons. Since 1881 the area has averaged only 5,357,500 acres, and the product has fallen to 1,040,000,000 gallons. From 1861 to 1870 the production per acre was 240 gallons. In the following ten years it was 230, and now averages only 194 gallons. Between 1861 and 1870 the average excess of French exports over imports was nearly 63,000,000 gallons per annum—more than three times the present American product. The annual average for the next decade was 45,000,000 gallons. To-day the imports exceed the exports, and France, even with its still enormous acreage of bearing vines, does not produce enough wine for home consumption, and is a customer of American vineyardists.

But facts are more or less dull reading, and I confess to no great fondness for them. But remembering these will make us realize that the California growers are indulging in no child's play, so let us begin our pilgrimage. There is little to detain us at San Diego; its history is familiar to the world, and the place itself, overlooking a sheltered harbor, and enjoying long months of sunlight, is interesting. In the El Cajon Valley, a few miles outside the city limits, are our first vineyards. They are newly planted and need little study. The valley is well sheltered and made picturesque by the ruins of a mission which the Franciscans built and which the Americans have allowed to decay. The soil is a sandy loam, wonderfully productive with irrigation, and the climate is that of perpetual summer. The young fruit groves dotting the region form bright patches of green amid the general brownness, and from a distance the vineyards are like a green carpet spread upon the earth. There are no cellars near San Diego, and no wine of any consequence is made. A few of the vines are of the Mission variety, but others are of French origin. In a future paper, touching upon the small-fruit industry of California, more particular attention will be paid El Cajon. It is chiefly famous for its raisins, and is now mentioned simply as one of the districts where wine grapes are raised.

Late in August, when the highways were white with the dust of a California summer, we entered the San Gabriel Valley, lying to the east of Los Angeles. The valley has had its vineyards ever since the time of the *padres*, and is one of the oldest cultivated sections of the State. The San Gabriel Mission, long, low, and rambling, is still the centre of the community, as it was a hundred years ago, and from the iron balcony clinging to its southern wall one has a view that words can poorly picture. To the eastward, hiding the desert beyond, is the Sierra Madre range, softly outlined against the Italian sky; westward, a pale extent of blue, lies the Pacific. It is early afternoon, and the sunlight so fills the valley that the roads are dazzlingly white, and the shadows of trees are black as night. But on the balcony, shaded by the pepper-trees, the air is deliciously cool, and a faint fresh breeze sighs through the branches overhead. We are in Italy once more, or so it seems. In the country below us are its tall poplars, leafy sentinels in the landscape, its orange and lemon groves, vineyards, and vine-clad cottages. Were we to visit the little town of San Gabriel, that clusters near the church, the illusion would be complete; for there, dwelling in adobe cabins, are those who speak a foreign tongue, which, if not Italian, has still its musical tone. We had dined at a San Gabriel hotel, and later had sat in the high-walled court-yard, rich with flowers and sweet with their perfume, where the only sound was the cooing of doves or the sleepy drone of the honey-bee. When the *siesta* was over, the señora came and sat beside us. There had been great changes in the valley in her day, she said. Few of her people were still there, and the old days of idleness were gone. San Gabriel itself was not so changed, but all around it the Americans had settled, and bought land, built railroads, and divided up the country so that she herself was not sure how to go from place to place. There was a tinge of melancholy in the señora's voice, and her eyes constantly wandered about the garden as though she feared it, too, would change.

The lowlands of the San Gabriel Valley have a rich alluvial soil, the deposit of streams of years, and in places there is a black mud known as *adobe*. In higher ground is found a soil consisting largely of detritus washed down from the mountains, and mixed with vegetable accumulations. Disintegrated granite is also a soil basis. With such diversity, the products are astonishingly varied. Almost every variety of grain, vegetable, fruit, nut, or berry produced in temperate or tropical latitudes flourishes. The apples of Michigan, the peaches of Delaware, the oranges of Florida, lemons of Sicily, figs of Smyrna, and grapes of France thrive side by side. The valley, in fact, is a natural garden, beautiful with rare flowers, blooming out-of-doors in midwinter, sheltered, picturesque in detail and as a whole. Here, within five days of New York, are some of the largest vineyards in the State. In one, nearly 2400 acres are under cultivation; another, that of L. J. ROSE, was recently sold for over a million of dollars; and

still another, the property of "Lucky" BALDWIN, is famous for its size and productiveness. The vineyard of the San Gabriel Wine Company has 500 acres in bearing, and 1000 acres ready for planting. From 300,000 to 400,000 gallons of wine are produced in a year. The vines are of selected varieties, reference being had to the kind of wine desired. Claret, Hock, Sherry, Brandy, and Angelica are stored in the huge casks standing in rows in the dimly lighted cellars; and under the manager's guide we are conducted from vineyard to crusher, and from office to cellar again. We are too early to see the presses in operation,

"HEAVY CLUSTERS OF PURPLE FRUIT."

for the picking season will not begin until the following week; but many of the casks are filled, and samples of last year's wine are offered us. The cellar is in nearly the centre of the vineyard, whose vines are bending beneath their weight of fruit. It is a brick building, two stories high, 262 feet long by 120 wide. The crushing machines are run by steam, and have a capacity of 200 tons per day. The carrying cellar is also of brick, two stories high, and has room for the storage of 1,232,000 gallons of wine. A Frenchman is busy among the casks, getting ready for the coming season. The cask he shows us first holds 15,000 gallons; another holds but 500. They are all arranged in long rows, and are of seasoned oak. The cellar itself is a most refreshing place after the glare of sunlight outside, and so, seating ourselves, we listen while the claims of southern California are advanced. Through the open doorway the vines stretch far away, like a great green sea, and beyond them loom the mountains.

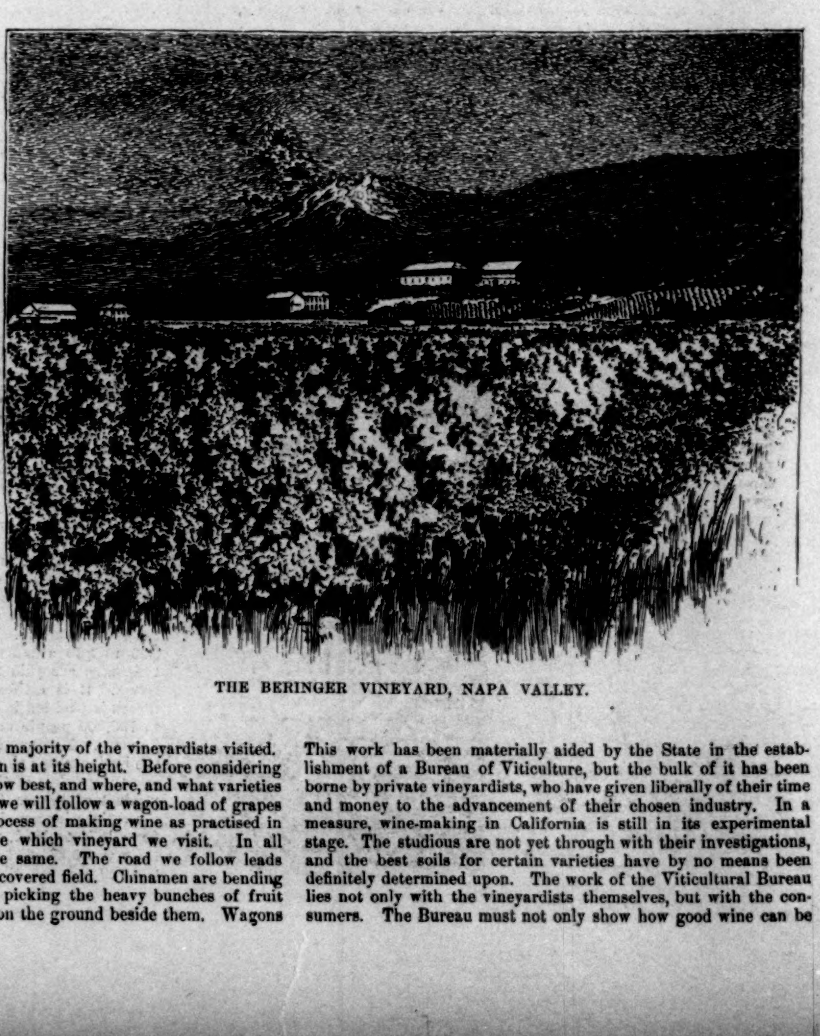
From Los Angeles to San Francisco is nearly a day's ride. As the grape-picking season is approaching we hasten northward, and for a day wander about the busy city that looks westward to the Golden Gate. Here are the largest wine houses in the State; in them we find the vintages from the various vineyards. In one cellar are countless dozens of champagne bottles, filled, corked, ready for shipment, stored away in underground vaults, lighted now by the candles which our guides hold before us. In other places we find the brandies, the Zinfandels, the Reislings, and the sweet wines that are soon to go forth as samples of the California product. Casks of oak, with engraved heads, form long narrow alleys, down which we walk; blood-red clarets are being carried about in huge open buckets, or piped from cellar to cellar. At last the magnitude of the business is appreciated, and one sees how systematized it has become.

The fall months in California do not have the general attractiveness of those in the East. The foliage is not so richly colored; the plaintiveness of our season is utterly wanting. Winter comes unheralded by the dull leaden skies against which New Englanders are accustomed to see the bared trees of their orchards outlined, and we miss the rustling of dead leaves, or the violent antics of that last one, to which Doctor HOLMES has called our attention. In September the country around San Francisco is dry and brown. Tramping through it, one does not see the squash and pumpkin piles, nor hear the rustle of neglected corn fields. Even so late as October the prospect is the same as in July. With few exceptions, the trees are as green and the fields as brown; the sky is as blue as ever, the air as soft. No one, I am sure, can have a higher appreciation of California than I, but New England does not always suffer by comparison. The very absence of change in California grows monotonous to a visitor. One's very system cries for rainy days in summer, for snowy ones in winter. It is delightful to have roses blooming in the garden in January, and to breakfast upon the veranda at a time when the Eastern world is wrapped in snow. But I find that those enjoying these pleasures sometimes sigh for the white fields of their early home, and for the sound of a cold north wind whistling down the old chimney, rattling at the windows, and, unable to enter the fire-lighted room, taking its departure with angry wail. In our ramble through the northern vineyards we had the harvest, but not the season: the month of ripened fruits, but not the dreamy sadness that makes our own October so delightful.

There is little to choose between the Sonoma and Napa valleys. Both are picturesque, shut in by low hills, and in either are many vineyards where one may initiate himself into the mysteries of wine-making. In selecting Napa Valley we were influenced to some extent by the introductory letters given us in San Francisco. Having them, we knew that the largest vineyards would be open to our inspection. Leaving San Francisco late in the afternoon, we crossed the bay to Oakland, and from there rode northward thirty miles to Vallejo Junction, where the ferry is taken to Vallejo, a small town at the southern end of the valley. Here we took the cars for St. Helena, a village of a few thousand inhabitants situated in the very centre of the vineyards producing the best California wines. It was dark when we reached the town. Walking up its one main street, past the dimly lighted shops with open doors, to our hotel, we waited wistfully for the coming day.

Early the following morning the beauties of the valley were revealed. Driving from town, we passed at once to a broad highway leading north through many vineyards. The air was delicious. A pale blue haze clung to the higher hills; in the vineyards hung heavy clusters of purple fruit quite ready to be picked. A score of teams, piled high with boxes of grapes, passed us as we drove along. On both sides of the road was a veritable sea of vines, those nearest us coated with dust, those beyond still fresh and green. On the hillsides, to the far right and left, we could see other vineyards, some covering the rounded hills fronting the two mountain ranges, and others clinging to steep slopes above which rose the higher summits. The scenery of Italy, France, and Germany was combined. I half expected to see the tower of some castle appear in sight, and was sure the Rhine must be near at hand. No wonder the vineyardists are contented! I cannot imagine a more sheltered pretty nook than the upper Napa Valley. Nothing is bare or harsh or drear. It is a little world in itself, having an eternal summer, devoted to an industry the very name of which sets one to picturing the scenes familiar to travellers up the Rhine, through the by-ways of Italy, and in sunny France. Remembering, too, that Napa is in America, that our national thrift has made the valley to blossom and bear fruit as it does, who is there that can fail to have a pardonable pride in it?

Four miles south of St. Helena is the vineyard of Captain GUSTAVE NIBAUM, a wealthy land-owner, with whom wine-making is a diversion, not a business carried on entirely for profit. Blessed with worldly goods as he is, Captain NIBAUM has been able to make many improvements and experiments which would be beyond the reach of the ordinary vineyardist. He has imported many choice vines, and spent fabulous sums in securing the best appliances for wine-making. In his vineyard of 1200 acres of foot-hill land, 220 acres are planted with the best vines of Europe. The Captain believes in artificially enriching his land, and plants his vines in rows six feet apart, ordinary rows being from eight to ten feet wide. Nearer St. Helena are the properties of TIBURCIO PARROTT, BERINGER BROTHERS, H. M. ESTEE, the Krug Vineyard, and several others. BERINGER BROTHERS have 220 acres under cultivation, and other vineyardists from that number to 500 acres. The climate and soil of the upper Napa Valley are both particularly adapted to the growth of the shy-bearing French claret and Sauterne grapes. The region is so sheltered from wind and fog that the grapes ripen early and have great delicacy of flavor. The soil is composed of volcanic débris mixed with finely pulverized granite. When properly cultivated it is as soft and mellow as garden loam, and the grapes appear to absorb from it the peculiar qualities that have made famous the wines of France and Germany. In the lowlands—the level portions of the valley—there is more moisture and a ranker growth than on the hill-sides. From this fact has arisen the absorbing question as to which soil produces the best wine grape. On several of the properties both the uplands and lowlands are being tested. Experiments now made seem to conclusively prove that the best wine—that having the richest flavor—is made from the hill grapes. The fruit ripens less rapidly, the vines bear less heavily, and the wine produced possesses an indescribable fineness which does not belong to that made from the lowland grapes. It is superfluous to add, perhaps, that the above statement is not that of a mere layman. It was imparted to us as a fact by a majority of the vineyardists visited.



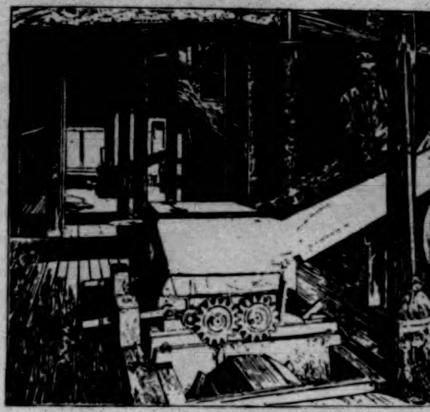
THE BERINGER VINEYARD, NAPA VALLEY.

But the wine-making season is at its height. Before considering the question of what vines grow best, and where, and what varieties make the more choice wines, we will follow a wagon-load of grapes to the cellar, and see the process of making wine as practised in California. It matters little which vineyard we visit. In all the method is practically the same. The road we follow leads through the centre of a vine-covered field. Chinamen are bending over the low-growing vines, picking the heavy bunches of fruit and filling the boxes placed on the ground beside them. Wagons are seen moving from every direction toward the white-walled cellar. The day is hot in the sun, and our eyes ache with the glare of dusty roads. But at last the live-oak grove surrounding the cellar is reached, and in its shade the wagons stand in line waiting their turn to be weighed. The weigher sits in a bower that some of the "hands" have made for her. Its weight of grapes recorded, the wagon moves on, is unloaded, and passes again to where the pickers are busy. Everybody is active. The air is heavy with the perfume of crushed fruit, and in a row of casks outside the cellar doors is a blood-red juice fermenting. Through the trees we can see the hills, all vineyard-grown; the cellar walls are festooned with English ivy, orders are given in French or German, and we catch the spirit of the time and place. The scene is foreign to almost all else that we have in America.

Grape-vines in California, with the exception of a few foreign varieties, are pruned very low, the stem being only about a foot and a half high. The branches shoot out from this stem like the wires of an open umbrella. The fruit is well shielded by the broad leaves, and often bears the branches to the ground. Gathering the grapes is laborious work, the picker being obliged either literally to kneel or to bend his back to a painful angle. Each bunch is clipped from the stem, and must be so handled as not to injure the fruit. The picking boxes hold from thirty to fifty pounds. Chinamen are generally employed as pickers, although the children and wives of Spanish or white men sometimes take their place. After weighing, the boxes are placed on an endless apron, run by steam-power, which carries them to the second or third story of the cellar, where they are emptied, as fast as received, into the hopper. From the hopper the fruit passes into an ingenious machine which first strips it off the stems and then crushes it. The pulp and juice then drop into a pipe leading to vats holding from two hundred to five hundred gallons. Here the first fermentation is allowed to take place. In a few days, or longer, the grape juice is withdrawn and conducted to other vats, where fermentation progresses until the wine is ready for storage in the cellar below. The skins are treated to hydraulic pressure, after the juice is drawn from them, until nothing remains but a dry pumice. Even this, however, is utilized by mixing it with water and distilling from the compound a fair quality of grape brandy.

It will appear from the above that it is a very simple matter for one to make wine. But appearances, as we know, are deceptive, and there is an abundance of room for costly errors in every one of the operations, as many an inexperienced vineyardist has good reason to know. Even in gathering the grapes great good judgment must be exercised. Many of the choicest varieties ripen unevenly, and two pickings are often necessary. The sun-scald, to which some grapes are subject, must be watched for. If grapes so affected pass into the hopper there is no determining how much wine may be spoiled. All dry leaves and mildew have an evil flavor, and must be detected before the grapes are pressed. A fan is usually attached to the hopper, by which all dead matter is blown away before the grapes are crushed. This appliance is sometimes neglected, and with deplorable results, gallons of wine being ruined by perhaps one defective box of fruit, or even a few dead grapes or leaves.

The most delicate work in wine-making is that connected with the fermentation. Here is where the vineyardist's skill, if he has any, must be continually exercised. Volumes have been written on the process of fermentation, and it is discussed whenever the wine-makers of California meet together. No general rule can be followed. What can be advantageously done one season cannot be another. This year the wine may be left with the skins for so long a period as five days; next year the skins must be separated from the juice in a day or two. The old practice allowed the skins to remain from one to two weeks. In this way the clarets were given a heightened color such as the trade demanded. It is now generally acknowledged that separation must take place the moment the wine is of a proper hue. In white wines the skins are not allowed to remain a moment; only the clarets need the coloring matter. Still another test of a vineyardist's knowledge lies in his ability to properly "age" and "blend" his wines after they are sufficiently fermented. Until lately—for the past five years or so—a California wine-maker was interested in quantity rather than in quality, and gave little thought to blending. Now, however, the reverse is true. Everybody, most happily for the consumer, strives for quality. Cuttings of choice foreign vines have been imported and their adaptability to various soils tested. This work has been materially aided by the State in the establishment of a Bureau of Viticulture, but the bulk of it has been borne by private vineyardists, who have given liberally of their time and money to the advancement of their chosen industry. In a measure, wine-making in California is still in its experimental stage. The studious are not yet through with their investigations, and the best soils for certain varieties have by no means been definitely determined upon. The work of the Viticultural Bureau lies not only with the vineyardists themselves, but with the consumers. The Bureau must not only show how good wine can be



THE HOPPER.

made; it must see that the satisfactory product is properly put upon the market. More than this, the interests of the growers as affected by Congressional action must be guarded, and there is a mass of statistical information to be prepared for general distribution throughout the State.

Nearly every wine-maker has his favorite grapes for red or white wines. Formerly the Mission variety was in high favor. Now it is the Zinfandel, a hardy, prolific grape introduced by Colonel AGASTON HARASZTHY, a native of Hungary. The wine is rather strong and lacks delicacy, but is cheap, and is served at all restaurants. Some of the best wine-makers in Napa Valley declare that the choicest claret now made is from a mixture of Cabernet Sauvignon, Melot, and Verdot, three-fifths of the last being used to one-fifth of each of the others. The vines of the above were imported from the La Fitte and Margaux vineyards, and appear to suffer little change from transplanting. Like most other foreign varieties, they are shy bearers, and their wine needs careful treatment. Other claret types are the Carignan, Sauvignon Vert, Matara, Petit Pinot, Petit Syrah, Saint-Macaire, and Gros Mancen. Of Burgundies, many choice varieties have been domesticated. From the Hermitage came the Petit Syrah and the Mondeuse, both of which do well on the Napa foot-hills. Some of the best Burgundies made are from a mixture of the Franc Pinot, Pinot d'Epernand, and Pinot Blanc. Other Burgundy types are the Chatiche Noir, a famous European variety, the Pinot Noir, and the Petit Syrah. For white wines there is an almost endless list of French and Rhine varieties, but only a few have proved particularly adapted to California soil and climate. For a light, wholesome white wine, no grape surpasses the Berger and Chasselas. From the first the BERINGER BROTHERS, at St. Helena, make a wine having a rich, fruity flavor, without acidity. The Golden Chasselas and the Chasselas Fontainebleau are both favorites. The wine from them is generally known as Gutedel, which, when pressed from carefully selected grapes and of sufficient age, is the best "Rhine wine" made in California.

The finest of all Sauternes, the Château Yquem, is cleverly imitated by several California vineyardists with the Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc, and a blend of the Muscadel de Bordelais. These are the grapes used at Yquem, but of course there is something in the soil of the original vineyard, as well as in the treatment of the wine, which makes hopeless the attempt to reproduce the exact bouquet. A pleasant white wine bearing a strong resemblance to Chablis is made from the Pinot Blanc, while the Reisling, Sultana, Tramenir, and White Elben all produce wines closely resembling the German Hocks. For ports, the Trousseau has been most in favor; and for sherry, the Pedro Ximenes is the best.

For those vineyardists to whom the work of wine-making is a mere pastime, life cannot fail to have many charms. Several of the Napa growers own estates that have no counterpart in America. One near St. Helena and others in the Sonoma Valley were our delight. Tired out after our long day among the workers, we drove to that at St. Helena. Passing up a winding road leading through low clusters of green vines, we came to the house where the owner of many acres passes the greater portion of his time. Masses of flowers covered the balustrade of the stone balcony. The lawn in front of this was shaded by a madrona-tree. The house was of grayish stone, its every window commanding a view of vineyard, valley, and distant mountain. Resting in the shade, we saw the sun set behind the western hills, and the darkness creep over the scene of our busy day. A cool, refreshing breeze sighed through the flowers surrounding us. The air was full of perfume, soft and sensuous. Coming from work, a band of Chinamen passed through the vineyard to their cabins. Never had an hour seemed so full of peace. Contrasting the work we had seen performed, and this quiet ending of the day, with that which men in the great outer world of trade and busy occupation know, the pleasures of wine-making were most alluring. We forgot its own trials, its annoyances and disappointments. Into our picture came none of the dull realities that in other walks of life we knew were always present.

The pioneer vineyardist in California was CHARLES KOHLER, a New York musician, a good judge of wines and a lover of country life. His was the first vineyard in Sonoma County. Then came Mr. HARASZTHY, who demonstrated the similarity of the Californian soil and climate to those of the best wine-growing districts in Europe. Following him came a number of Californians, who, each in his own way, improved the wines of the State. Among others of this class may be mentioned H. W. CRABB, JACOB SCHRAMM, HORATIO LIVERMORE, E. W. HILGARD, GUSTAVE NIBAUM, J. H. DRUMMOND, GEORGE HUSMAN, C. A. WETMORE, CHARLES KRUG, and L. J. ROSE. Each imported many vines, and all gave careful thought to their chosen work. The State Board of Viticulture, by its resources for information and through its publications, has done much to encourage the growth of the best grapes by small vineyardists, and has been keenly alive to the needs of the industry. To Professor E. W. HILGARD, of the Berkeley University, the vineyardists are also heavily indebted. He has done incalculable service in analyzing soils and suggesting the best varieties adapted to them, and to-day is an authority in all matters pertaining to this important business.

The largest vineyard in California, and possibly in the world, is that of Senator LELAND STANFORD, at Vina, in Tehama County. The estate comprises 40,000 acres, of which 3500 acres are planted in choice vines. The original vineyard of 75 acres was planted in Mission vines, soon after the first discovery of gold, by an old Frenchman named GERKE. The vines to-day, although thirty-five years old, are still vigorous. The trunks are as thick as a man's leg. The yield of grapes last year was nine tons to the acre. The chief foreign varieties planted at Vina are the Berger, White Chasselas, Reisling, and the Napoleon, for white wines, and the Zinfandel and Trousseau for clarets. The vineyard is divided into fields of 500 acres each. Every modern appliance for the manufacture of wine is provided by the Senator, but the product is far from choice. Experts declare that fine wine will never be made there. The object of the owner, however, was not to make the higher-priced wines, but rather to manufacture an article for general home use, his argument being that the use of light claret or white wine is the best method of checking intemperance. The cellars at Vina are large, and the plant is capable of handling 400 tons of grapes per day, an equivalent of 12,000 tons or 24,000,000 pounds for the season.

Perhaps the best-managed vineyard in California is the "Natoma," at Folsom, near the capital of the State. It comprises 1800 acres, a large part of which is planted in fine foreign wine varieties imported by HORATIO P. LIVERMORE, the original manager and part owner of the property. Mr. LIVERMORE had large means at his disposal. Besides supplying many of the vineyards throughout the State with imported cuttings, he made many costly experiments, and imparted much valuable information to his *confrères*. Since his retirement as manager the vineyard has been conducted on a purely commercial basis, and the experiments which proved so advantageous to small growers have been abandoned.

It would be impossible under the limitations of this paper to speak in detail of all the California vineyards, or to give more than a passing word to the most important ones. In Sonoma and Napa counties one finds the most picturesque estates. The "Glen Ellen Vineyard," in Sonoma, has a large variety of imported vines; and at "Healdsburg," "Rhinefarm," and on the vineyard of KOHLER & FROSHLING, in Sonoma, and at "Inglenook" and the Krug Vineyard in Napa, are the characteristics I have mentioned as belonging to the other Napa estates—great natural beauty of surroundings, spacious cellars, vine-clad foot-hills, and wide, level fields stretching from one side of the valley to the other. The best and largest cellars are of stone or brick, and have underground tunnels extending into the side-hills. In our tour of the valleys we drove at random from place to place. We tasted the various blendings and examined the improved machines, or idled in the shade of live-oaks and sycamores and enjoyed to our hearts' content the vistas of mountain and garden-like valley. At every vineyard the proverbially hospitable welcome of California was extended. Bottles of the oldest vintage were given us as souvenirs, and our questions answered with the greatest patience. One cannot become a vineyardist in a day. The mastery of the names of the varieties is no small undertaking; and as to the relative merits of "blends," soil, climate, temperature, length of fermentation, proper age, and other questions, one may give his lifetime to their consideration and still be in error as to what is best to be done.

One of the most interesting wine districts near San Francisco is in the Ojo del Monte Valley, near the town of Livermore. The region is guarded on all sides by low-lying hills sparsely overgrown with live-oaks, and is so sheltered from fogs and cold as to offer one of the best vine districts in the State. There are various vineyards and owners, but the largest estates belong to HORATIO P. LIVERMORE and CHARLES A. WETMORE, the latter's Cresta Blanca Vineyard affording an unusual opportunity for the study of wine-making. The vines are young, and the vineyard, until recently, was an experiment, vines never having been grown in such soil as the valley offers. Down by the creek which runs through the estate we had our luncheon, and later visited the orchards and vineyards. Little wine is made at Cresta Blanca as yet, but that which is produced has a high flavor and is remarkably palatable. The valley, eventually, cannot fail to be famous for its clarets. The vines are planted on the hill-sides as well as in the valley proper, and thrive equally well in both places.

Wine-making has not been a profitable business to the majority of vineyardists, owing to the costly mistakes they have made in selecting vines and in manufacturing wines. But, for the intelligent man who takes up the industry at the present time, reasonable returns may be expected. In the best wine districts unimproved land may be had at from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. This price, of course, is not for property near a railroad. The cost of clearing and preparing the land is from twenty to thirty dollars per acre, this amount depending on how much of the property is woodland. A vineyard is not considered to be in full bearing until it is five years old. The expenses occurring before this period vary in amount and can hardly be estimated. If carefully tended, a vineyard need not be an expense after the first year, when the cost of vines and of planting and cultivating must be reckoned. A full-bearing vineyard will pay a handsome profit after calling the land $1000 an acre.

The vineyardists who make a large profit are those who raise table grapes for the market, or turn their fruit into raisins. I am told that $400 and $500 net profit per acre is often made in the Sacramento Valley by those who sell their fruit for table use, and that raisin-makers can afford to pay $1000 an acre for their land.

For those who are ill, and need light, open air exercise, grape-growing offers peculiar attractions. There is necessarily much heavy work to be done, such as ploughing, planting, and cultivating; but one not blessed with great bodily strength can hire the help he most needs, and take upon himself the lighter work of pruning, tying up the vines, picking, and blending. Instances are not rare of women engaging in the work of grape-growing with great profit and success. Mrs. MARFIELD and Mrs. FLOOD both conduct their Sonoma vineyards; and wherever he goes, one will find that the occupation is not for men alone. Some of the most charming homes that we saw in the wine districts were those in which each member of the family had a personal interest in the success of the vineyard.

To improve the California wines is the dearest object of many of the larger vineyardists. Of the several schemes having this laudable end in view, the last, and possibly the most practical one, is the establishment of a loan and savings bank for the sole use and benefit of wine-makers. The proposition is to found a bank in which the rich vineyardists will take stock, that will loan on wine collateral, and so furnish the maker with funds to carry on his business. Advances of ten cents per gallon will be made on good new wine, which will be stored in San Francisco cellars. As the wine ages and so increases in value, the owner will be correspondingly benefited. If wine in the interim advances sharply in price, owing to a small supply, the owner may take advantage of the fact, cancel his loan, and sell. An annual auction sale is also one of the features of the proposed scheme.

Another project, partially tested last year, is to condense wine "must" for shipment abroad. Two condensing processes have already been tried—one, known as the YARAU process, consists in condensing the "must," or freshly pressed wine juice, by means of steam and a vacuum, until the product is of the thickness of molasses. By this method 150 gallons of wine juice were condensed to 40 gallons. The "must" is shipped to London, where the subtracted surplus is added again, and the original 150 gallons produced. The other method is the "Springmühle" process. The machine has a capacity of 150 tons per day. The "must" is condensed, and the residue mixed with dry pomace, the compound then being shipped to Europe. Word has been received from London that the "must" so made, and shipped to England in the fall of 1887, has surpassed the expectations of the London wine-makers, who pronounce it far superior to the condensed "must" received from Spain, France, and Italy. As "must" is admitted to England free of duty, the profit is to the wine men materially increased.

The phylloxera is the insect pest which the California vineyardists most fear and abhor. The insect is a vine louse, and attacks

"CRESTA BLANCA" VINEYARD, OJO DEL MONTE VALLEY.